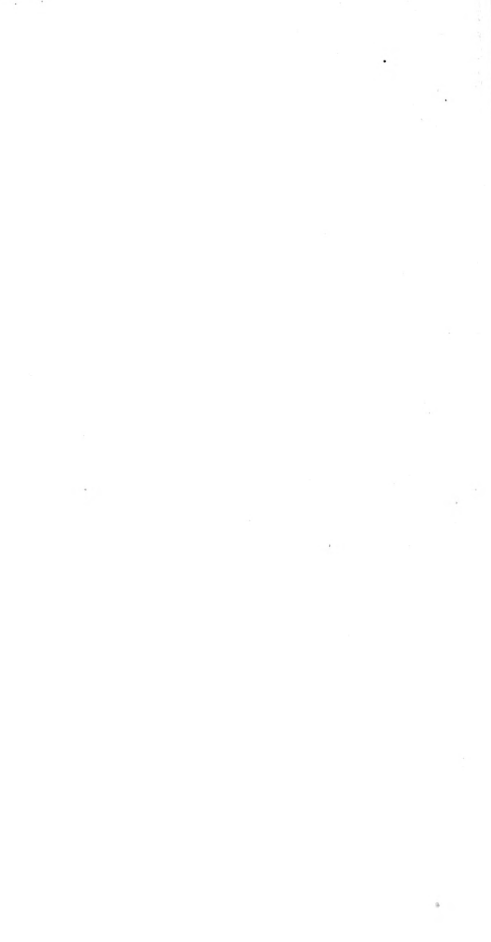






THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

B Y

MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

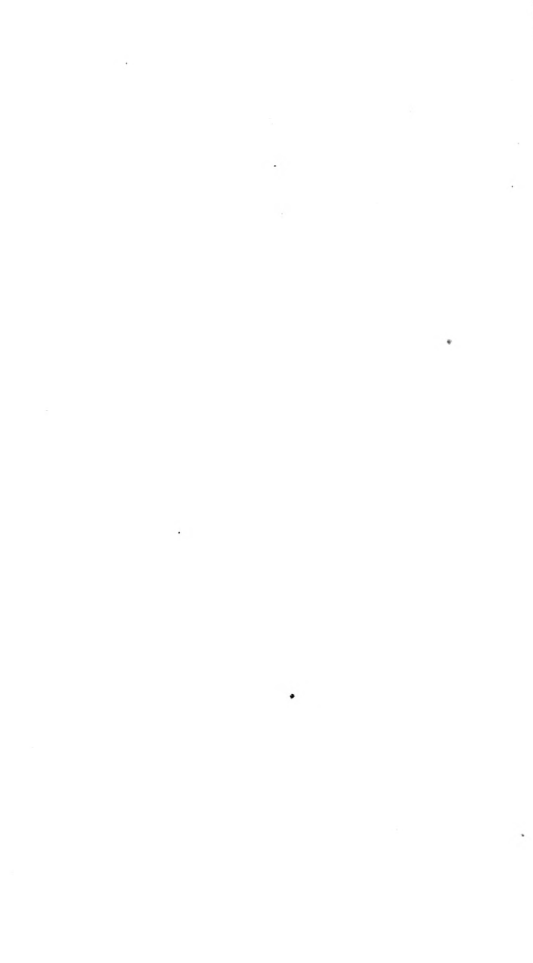
—MINUENTUR ATRAE
CARMINE CURAE.

H O R.

G L A S G O W,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS

M D C C L I I.



PR 3364 P75 E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Lord *HALIFAX*, &c.

TO you, my lord, my muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you, she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams;
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet, she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,

E P I S T L E.

And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verse with antient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven states
divide.

But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost.

A true poetick state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my lord, tho' your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
Tho' your ambition ends in publick good,
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood:)
Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
Nor slight the trophies which the muses raise.
How oft, a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction, and survive:
And poets have unquestion'd right to claim
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W: CONGREVE.

THE
MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A
PASTORAL.

Lamenting the DEATH of
QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem.

Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where, no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night, excludes the day;
Where, never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisie e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding flower, nor springing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here, baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;

Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

A L E X I S.

Ah woe too great! ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain,
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words, and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill,)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murm'ring stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

M E N A L C A S.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and lawrel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

A L E X I S.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes, in birds untaught;

Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast ;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my chearful song :
Begon, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe, no longer now thy pow'r obeys ;
Learn to lament, my muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing lawrels, all to cypress turn ;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair ;
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse,
Begon Thalia, Sorrow is my muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.*

No more, these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
Nor with her feet, these flow'ry plains be press'd ;
No more, the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away ;
No more, these rivers chearfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face ;
While on their banks the wondring flocks have stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more, the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight ;
Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
To bless the joyous day, that gave her birth :
Lost is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her, in endless night :
In endless night, and arms of death she lies,
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched swains,
Stray all ye flocks, and desert be ye plains,

Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye chrystal floods,
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.*

Within a dismal grott, which damp's furround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholesom ground;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace,
It's trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsly ye weep, ye rocks, and falsly mourn!
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And like the Crocodile its prey laments.

O she was heav'nly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were such beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
And opening, is with sweetest odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
To which excelling height, she bore a mind
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.

Thus excellent she was——

Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.*

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise:

Let Myrrha weeping aromack gum,
And ever-living lawrel, shade her tomb.
Thither, let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;

Thither, let Fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight sport,
There, in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worms light.

There, may no dismal yew, nor cypress grow,
Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.

Let Echo too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!

I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn.

And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air:
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.

The Fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair

With their sharp nails, themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
See, how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waste:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
See, how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me *Pastora* is no more!

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.*

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lords of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass;

To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
 No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
 No more! for those once soft and circling arms
 Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms.
 Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
 And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
 On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
 He us'd, in balmy sleep, to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
 Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
 To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!
 And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
 Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
 Than wildest wolves, or savage tigers are;
 With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
 But rav'nous death the shepherdes has seis'd.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.*

' But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
 ' With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight:
 ' And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
 ' Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
 ' While from her tomb, behold a flame ascends
 ' Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends!
 ' On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as sight
 ' Cuts thro' the yielding air, with rays of light;
 ' 'Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
 ' And fixing there, a glorious star remains:
*Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
 As once on earth were seen Pastora's Eyes.*

TO THE KING,

On the Taking of NAMUR E.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Praesenti tibi maturos largimur Honores :

Nil criturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

OF arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
 And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
 New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
 And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
 O pow'r unseen! by whose resistless force
 Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course:
 For fancy, wild and pathless ways will chuse,
 Which judgment, rarely, or with pain, pursues.
 Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
 Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds,
 Daring aloud to strike the sounding Lyre,
 And sing heroick deeds;
 Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
 What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
 The list'ning world each whisper will befriend
 That breaths his name, and ev'ry ear attend.

The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.

Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Born like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame whose exalted size,
From the deep vale extends, up to the vaulted skies: *
A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;
Hourly she stalks, with huge gigantick pace,
Meas'ring the globe, like time, with constant race:
Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise:
Of him, her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change astonishing my eyes!
And all around, behold new objects rise!
What forms are these I see? and whence?
Beings substantial? or does air condense,
To cloath in visionary shape my various thought?
Are these by fancy wrought!
Can strong idea's strike so deep the sense!
O sacred poesie! O boundless power!
What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds explore.
Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
What is not fought and seen, by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade;
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd

* *Virg. Aen. 4.*

Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war, to prove
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love.
 Unthought presage, of what met next my view!
 For soon the shady scene withdrew.

And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs;
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread, [tow'rs!
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd:
 With eager eyes, beholding both from far,
 Namure, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does ev'ry chief and soldier's heart inflame.
 Defensive arms, the Gallick forces bear;
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare:
 For Fortune had, with partial hand, before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by fate; and wrought by nature's hands.
 A wond'rous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs, that strike the sight with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
 To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,
 (And great is humane force and wit in ill)
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side, wide gaging engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful, does the face of adverse pow'r appear;
 But British forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the storm begin!
 The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,

Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din
 Of cannons burst, and ratling clash of arms. [rebound,
 Clamours from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth
 Distinction, in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And Echo lost in one continu'd sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulphs of Tartarus disgorge,
 So vaulted Aetna roars from Vulcan's forge;
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that
 broke,

Redning with horrid gloom, the dusky smoke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with molding thunder sweat,
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
 Undaunted, undismay'd!
 With face serene, dispensing dread commands;
 Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
 A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
 And burning balls hiss harmless by:
 For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
 Nor dares the lightning touch the lawrels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
 Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
 Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t' assuage;
 Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
 And now, with desp'rate force, and fresh attack,
 Thro' obvious deaths, resistless way they make;
 Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
 And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
 As race of men inferior, may)
 The fam'd gigantick war.

When those tall sons of earth, did heav'n aspire;
 (A brave, but impious fire !)
 Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
 To form the high and dreadful scale.
 The Gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
 Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
 Mountain on mountain thrown,
 With threatening hurl, that shook th' aethereal firmament!
 Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create ;
 Ev'n Jove desponding fate,
 'Till Mars with all his force collected, stood,
 And pour'd whole War on the rebellious brood ;
 Who tumbling headlong from th' Empyrean skies,
 O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.
 Mars, on the Gods did then his aid bestow, [below.
 And now in godlike William storms, with equal force

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
 And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
 With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
 Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
 Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring earth
 Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See, how the Britons rise ! see the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts, from every voice!
 The skies with acclamations ring!
 Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
 And rocks reflected Io's sing !

Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,

Heroick harmony prepare,

And charm to silence every wind,

And glad the late tormented air.

Far, is the sound of martial music spread,

Ech'ing thro' all the Gallick host,

Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm survey'd:

But they with wonder, or with awe dismay'd,

Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost.

William, their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,

Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!

Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrifick shield

Of Gorgon's head; to more amazement charm'd his foe.

Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid

And save from monster's rage, the beauteous maid;

Or more heroick was the deed;

Or she to surer chains decreed,

Than was Namure; 'till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my muse, from thy too daring height,

Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;

For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted flight,

And dost with pain of triumphs sing.

More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;

For war let more harmonious harps be strung:

Sing thou of Love, and leave great William's deeds

To Him who sung the Boyne; or Him to whom he sung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.

*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.**Horat.*

DEscend, Celestial Muse! thy son inspire
 Of thee to sing; infuse the holy fire.
 Belov'd of gods and men, thy self disclose;
 Say, from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
 Which from unnumb'ed years deliv'ring down
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.

}

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
 At once the rivals started to the race:
 And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
 Or both to all eternity contend.
 One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
 For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung;
 For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine,
 In thee their various fires united shine,
 Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful nine!
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,
 Whose nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

}

}

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
 Thy song of right, does first to Jove belong:

For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall were destin'd by the fates.
Then time had first a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity.
Within whose ample bosom fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,
Which ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give, to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rowling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule, to Time the fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign,
For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good foe'er and grateful in his sight,)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good, nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet, the loosen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in ballance hung;
Nor yet, did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet, had Time commission to begin,
Or fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came,
To view the world yet resting on its frame;

Eager they press, to see the fire dismiss
And rowl the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene.
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again, inspect fate's universal book.

Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where nature's bloom presents the golden age.
The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly shines.
Of baser brass, the next denotes the times,
An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and lords of earth design'd,
Who under him should govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
'To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.

Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine ;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made :
Nor great Aeneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Caesar, god-like great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd ;
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rowling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle ;
To worlds remote, she wide extends her reign,
And weilds the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a lowring sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills ;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame,
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name :
Conscious, she seeks from day to shrowd her head,
And glad wou'd shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose,
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again, shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey;
Again, thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name;
For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, 'till now, might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;

A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
'Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot thro' with orient light.
So when th' assuming God, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shoars their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep :
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And ev'ry rowling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where, heav'n serene, and air unmov'd appears.
The rose and lilly paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees.
The warbling birds applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phoebus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful soil;

Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelfy shoar,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows shrieks, and orphans cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies.
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves; and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless fates on him have pow'r!
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuse,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the sire himself his joy disguise,
But steadfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes.
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair bespoke.

' To thee, Immortal Maid, from this blest'd hour,
' O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded pow'r.
' Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
' Shalt raise, revive, immortalize the brave.
' To thee, the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;
' To thee, the Caesars their eternal name.
' Eliza, sung by thee, with fate shall strive,
' And long as Time, in sacred verse survive.
' And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
' The first of men, mature for endless fame;

' Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
 ' Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
 ' On his heroick deeds thy verse shall rise;
 ' Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
 ' Thro' him thy songs shall mote sublime aspire;
 ' And he, thro' them, shall deathless fame acquire:
 ' Nor Time, nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
 ' Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows.'

This said; no more remain'd. Th' Etherial host
 Again impatient crowd the chrystal coast.
 The father, now, within his spacious hands,
 Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
 And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,
 He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

On Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace;
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of death.
 And thou most fickle, most uneasy part,
 Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
 Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
 'Thou busie, idle thing, to heave.
 Stir not a pulse, and let my blood,
 That turbulent, unruly flood,
 Be softly staid:
 Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wond'rous balm between her lips she wears,
Of Sov'reign force to soften cares;
And this through ev'ry ear she can impart,
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystick sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous moan:
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare:
Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boist'rous here.
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all sawcy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend shade:
An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,

Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid folds his visionary shape.
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs:
 While the still vapors, which from poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And silence now is drown'd
 In ecstasie of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
 And ev'ry soul with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heav'nly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care,
 Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
 Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song;
 Leave your lov'd mansions, in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly;
 Your loss of heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they croud, see how the little cherubs skip!
 While others sit around her mouth, and sip,
 Sweet halleluiahs from her lip.
 Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
 For ne'er before did angels taste
 So exquisite a feast,
 Of music and of love.
 Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
 Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join,
 Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
 Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
 Which only breath inspir'd can reach,
 To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present happiness
 Wishing for ever in that state to lye,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

Priam's LAMENTATION and PETI-
 TION to *Achilles*, for the Body
 of his Son *Hector*.

Translated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπόν
 Ἑρμείας. —————

Argument introductory to this translation.

Hector's body (after he was slain) remain'd still in the possession of *Achilles*; for which *Priam* made great lamentation. *Jupiter* had pity on him, and sent *Iris* to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to *Achilles's* tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. *Priam* accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich presents for *Achilles*, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompany'd by no

body but his herald *Idaeus*. *Mercury*, at *Jupiter's* command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young *Grecian*, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserv'd, through the guards, and to the door of *Achilles's* tent; which having perform'd, he discover'd himself a god, and giving him a short instruction, how to move *Achilles* to compassion, flew up to heaven.

SO spake the God, and heav'nward took his flight :
 When *Priam* from his chariot did alight;
 Leaving *Idaeus* there, alone he went
 With solemn pace into *Achilles's* tent.
 Heedless, he pass'd through various rooms of state,
 Until approaching where the heroë sat;
 There at a feast, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's best lov'd, with all his chiefs around:
 Two only were t'attend his person plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the rest
 At greater distance, greater state express'd.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,
 And first of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
 About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
 And agonizing grasp'd and held 'em fast;
 Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close,
 Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
 Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
 Much of his blood (for many sons he lost.)

But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
 And seeking refuge, does from justice run;
 Ent'ring some house, in haste, where he's unknown,
 Creates amazement in the lookers on:
 So did *Achilles* gaze, surpriz'd to see
 The godlike *Priam's* royal misery;

All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes.
'Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old.
Think on your father, and then look on me,
His hoary age and helpless person see;
So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
Such, and so many his declining years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine such, his misery!
Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste;
Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
And seek protection, where no help is nigh.
In vain, he may your fatal absence mourn,
And wish in vain for your delay'd return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief;
Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief;
It glades his soul to think, he once may see
His much-lov'd son; would that were granted me!
But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my worthy sons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast:
Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
Merciless war this devastation wrought,
And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my hope.
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;

Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
Whose life alone, their deaths could recompence:
And, to compleat my store of countless woe,
Him you have slain ——— of him bereav'd me too!
For his sake only, hither am I come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthless ransom for so brave a son.

Fear the just gods, Achilles; and on me
With pity look, think you your father see;
Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miseries;
Of all mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such weight, as never has been born;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The spring and source of all my sorrows come;
With gifts, to court mine and my country's bane,
And kiss those hands, which have my children slain.
He spake. ———

Now, sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compassion melt him into tears.
Then, gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he still prostrate lay,
And there with tears, and sighs, afresh begun
To mourn the fall of his-ill fated son.
But passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns:
Thus, both, with lamentations fill'd the place,
'Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

}

The LAMENTATIONS of *Hecuba*, *Andromache*, and *Helen*, over the dead body of *Hector*.

Translated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

Ἡὼς δ' κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be inform'd of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the saffron Morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies:
Her father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's corps extended on a bier;

At which, her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And, thus lamenting, through the streets she ran:
 ' Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
 ' Behold the god-like Hector's funeral!
 ' If e'er you went with joy, to see him come
 ' Adorn'd with conquest and with lawrels home,
 ' Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
 ' What once was all your joy, now all your misery!'

She spake, and strait the numerous crowd obey'd,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the city staid;
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one,
 With clam'rous moan to Scaea's gate they run,
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
 Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.
 His rev'rend mother, and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corps to reach:
 Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of people stopt the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day,
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
 ' Trojans, enough; truce with your sorrows make;
 ' Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
 ' First let me bear my Hector's body home,
 ' Then mourn your fill.' At this the crowd gave way,
 Yielding, like waves of a divided sea.

Idaeus to the palace drove, then laid
 With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
 Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd

Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of universal, mournful harmony.
When first, Andromache her passion broke,
And thus, (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S *Lamentation.*

O my lost husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
Why is my heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing, a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with blessings curst!
For long e'er thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows by his loss.
Soon will the Grecians, now, insulting come,
And bear us captives to their distant home;
I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
And all alike, be pris'ners of the war;
Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
And be to some inhuman lord, a slave.

Elle some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
 Or for an only son, or father kill'd
 By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;
 For many fell by his relentless hand,
 Biting that ground, which with their blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
 And never did his foe in battle spare;
 Thence come these suff'rings, which so much have cost
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
 I saw him not, when in the pangs of death,
 Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
 Why held he not to me his dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his last command?
 Something he would have said, had I been there,
 Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
 For I could never, never words forget,
 Which night and day, I should with tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
 Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,
 Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
 A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S *Lamentation.*

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
 Than all my other num'rous issue were;
 O my last comfort, and my best lov'd!
 Thou, at whose fall, ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
 And sent a God his dread commands to bear,
 So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar care!

From fierce Achilles' chains thy corps was freed;
 So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
 My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
 Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
 Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
 And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
 His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
 And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
 Since all could not restore his life again.
 Now fresh and glowing, even in death thou art,
 And fair as he who fell by Phoebus' dart.

}

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
 And universal moan again was made;
 When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S *Lamentation.*

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
 No brother there had half so large a part!
 Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
 Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
 Since I with godlike Paris fled from home;
 (Wou'd I had dy'd before that day had come!)
 In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
 I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
 Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 Which I too often have from others born.
 But you from their reproach still set me free,
 And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
 If by my sisters, and the Queen revil'd
 (For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
 Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.

}

Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now, where-e'er I pass,
And fly with horror from my hated face.

This said; she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.

' Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
' And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
' Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
' For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.'

He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and smoak arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosie morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then, and friends search'd ev'ry where,
And gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Mean time, strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprize.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;

There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast.

Paraphrase upon *HORACE*,

O D E XIX. LIB. I.

Mater faeva cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return:
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyness warms;
And with a grateful fullness she charms:
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays,
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,

And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high import,
 And what's of high import, but love?
 Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
 With wine of two years old, your cups be fill'd:
 After our sacrifice and pray'r,
 The Goddess may incline her heart to yield.

S T A N Z A S.

In imitation of *Horace*, LIB. II. ODE. XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
 Labuntur anni, &c.*

A H! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
 This pious artifice.
 Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
 One moment tow'rd eternity.
 Eternity! that boundless race,
 Which Time himself can never run:
 (Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace)
 Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.
 Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
 A short extent to the most lasting breath;
 And tho' thou cou'dst for sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,
 'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
 One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r ;
 Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
 Where piety itself can nought avail.
 The rich, the great, the innocent and just,
 Must all be huddled to the grave,
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguish'd lye in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions, and regret to die :
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free :
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my friend ;
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd off-spring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost ;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcass of its lord.
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,

Nought shalt thou save;
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
 To wither with thee in the grave :
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir,
 A joyful mourning wear:
 And riot in the waste of that estate
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy captive gold.
 That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
 To vaults and prisons, shall again be free :
 Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,
 Again shall rise,
 Again its sparkling surface show,
 And free as element profusely flow.
 With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
 That cardinals shall wish to be his guests ;
 And pamper'd prelates see
 Themselves out-done in luxury.

In Imitation of *H O R A C E*,

O D E IX. L I B. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
 How naked does the world appear!
 But see (big with the off-spring of the North)
 The teeming clouds bring forth:

A show'r of soft and fleecy rain
 Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.
 Behold the mountain-tops, around,
 As if with fur of ermins crown'd:
 And low! how by degrees
 The universal mantle hides the trees,
 In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
 As if it were the Autumn of the sky :
 Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
 Like aged limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
 Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;
 Let chearful fires Sol's feeble beams repair ;
 Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;
 Let's drink, 'till our own faces shine,
 'Till we like suns appear,
 To light and warm the hemisphere.
 Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
 They are with wine incorporate :
 That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix ;
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 'Tis Heav'n's concern ; and let it be
 The care of Heav'n still, for me.
 Those winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.

The present moment's all our store:

 The next, should Heav'n allow,

 Then this will be no more:

So all our life is but one instant now.

 Look on each day you've past

 To be a mighty treasure won:

And lay each moment out in haste;

 We're sure to live too fast,

 And cannot live too soon.

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,

Which from decrepid age will fly;

The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,

 In Winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites

To revel, while you may, in soft delights:

Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,

Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.

Slowly she promises at night to meet,

But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet,

To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,

There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

 Unwillingly she stays,

 Would more unwillingly depart,

 And in soft sighs conveys

 The whispers of her heart.

Still she invites, and still denies,

And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude;

Then from her ravisher she flies,

 But flies to be pursu'd:

If from his sight she does herself convey,
 With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
 And very fain would have been at her;
 But when I strove most my great passion to break,
 Still then, I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try
 Some way my poor heart to recover :
 But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Caelia be kind then; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing ;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.

The RECONCILIATION.

R E C I T A T I V E.

FAIR Caelia love pretended,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
 Where Damon long attended
 Beyond the promis'd hour.

At length impatient growing
 Of anxious expectation,
 His heart with rage o'erflowing,
 He vented thus his passion.

O D E.

' To all the sex deceitful,
 ' A long and last adieu ;
 ' Since women prove ungrateful
 ' As oft as men prove true.
 ' The pains they cause are many,
 ' And long and hard to bear,
 ' The joys they give (if any)
 ' Few, short, and unsincere.'

R E C I T A T I V E.

But Caelia now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Arriv'd with eyes consenting
 And sparkling inclination.
 Like Citherea smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion ;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

P A L I N O D E.

' How engaging, how endearing,
 ' Is a lover's pain and care !
 ' And what joy the nymph's appearing,
 ' After absence or despair !
 ' Women wise encrease desiring,
 ' By contriving kind delays ;
 ' And advancing, or retiring,
 ' All they mean is more to please.'

A B S E N C E.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
 In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 And think on hours that will no more return!
 Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
 Save me from absence, love, or let me die.

S O N G.

FALSE though she be to me and love.
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

S O N G in D I A L O G U E.
 For T W O W O M E N.

I.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
 And all my coyness bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;

I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,

When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

Chorus of both.

' Then let us beware how far we consent,

' Too soon when we yield, too late we repent ;

' 'Tis ignorance makes men admire :

' And granting desire,

' We feed not the fire,

' But make it more quickly expire. .

S O N G.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd ;
That Cloe's false and common :
I always knew (at least believ'd)

She was a very woman ;

As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd,

She still was constant when possess'd,

She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh ! her thoughts on others ran,

And that you think a hard thing ;

Perhaps, she fancy'd you the man,

And what care I one farthing ?

You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind ;

I take her body, you her mind,

Who has the better bargain ?

The P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle Love, said I,
 One dear blessing e'er I die;
 Long I have born excess of pain,
 Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
 When angry, thus the Gods reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
 Art thou not Amynta's slave?
 Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
 For love, Love himself's no more.

S O N G.

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
 A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
 Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
 But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
 Where I was led by faithless smiles:
 No wretches are so lost as they,
 Whom much security beguiles.

S O N G.

I.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
 And now the sun begins to rise;
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks
 From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

G

With light united, day they give,
 But different fates e'er night fulfil.
 How many by his warmth will live !
 How many will her coldness kill !

*Occasioned on a LADY's having writ VERSES in
 Commendation of a POEM which was written in
 Praise of another LADY.*

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight
 Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write ;
 For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
 And he, who praising beauty, do's no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his song :
 But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
 And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
 His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
 Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

E P I G R A M.

*Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT,
 under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so blest with skill divine !
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

I.

PI O U S Selinda goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her;
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.

A

H Y M N to H A R M O N Y.

In H O N O U R of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day, MDCCI.

Set to Musick by Mr. J O H N E C C L E S.

I.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
 To thee the grateful tribute bring
 Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
 Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.
 All hail to thee
 All-pow'rful Harmony!

Wife Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wond'rous works resigning to thy care:
 The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
 And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

C H O R U S.

‘ All hail to thee

‘ All-pow’rful Harmony!’

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
 Could penetrate th’ abyfs profound,
 Explore the realms of ancient night,
 And search the living source of unborn light.
 Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung’d his vanquish’d head.
 Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
 To this fair form of Heav’n and earth;
 Then all those shining worlds above
 In mystick dance began to move
 Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
 A never ceasing, never silent choir.

C H O R U S.

‘ Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 ‘ And Chaos deeper plung’d his vanquish’d head.’

III.

Thou only, Goddess, first cou’dst tell
 The mighty charms in numbers found;
 And didst to Heav’nly minds reveal
 The secret force of tuneful sound.
 When first Cyllenius form’d the lyre,
 Thou didst the God inspire;
 When first the vocal shell he strung,
 To which the muses sung:

Then first the muses sung ; melodious strains Apollo plaid,
And musick first begun by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings!

Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the list'ning deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

C H O R U S.

‘ Hark, hark, again Urania sings!

‘ Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!

‘ And see, the list'ning deities around

‘ Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.’

IV.

Descend Urania, Heav'nly fair!

To the relief of this afflicted world repair ;

See how with various woes oppress'd,

The wretched race of men is worn ;

Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,

Or by conflicting passions torn.

Reason in vain employs her aid,

The furious will on fancy waits ;

While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,

Too late advances, or too soon retreats.

Musick alone with sudden charms can bind

The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

C H O R U S.

‘ Musick alone with sudden charms can bind

‘ The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.’

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye Sacred Nine,

Your instruments and voices join ;

Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,

In ev'ry breast inspire.

Revive the melancholy drooping heart,

And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.

Appease the wrathful mind,

To dire revenge and death inclin'd :

With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,

And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.

'Tis done ; and now tumultuous passions cease ;

And all is hush'd, and all is peace.

The weary world with welcome ease is blest,

By musick lull'd to pleasing rest.

C H O R U S.

' 'Tis done ; and now tumultuous passions cease ;

' And all is hush'd, and all is peace.

' The weary world with welcome ease is blest,

' By Musick lull'd to pleasing rest.'

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!

Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!

Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,

Wakes the world to war and ruin.

See, see, the battle is prepar'd !

Behold the hero comes !

Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard ;

And hoarse resounding drums.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,

The harmony of peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

' War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,

' The harmony of peace destroys.'

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes

Her parting lover mourn ;

She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,

And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,

Bewailing past delights

That may no more, no never more return.

O sooth her cares

With softest sweetest airs,

'Till victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,

Within her folding arms to rest,

Thence never to be parted more,

No never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

' Let victory and peace restore

Her faithful lover to her tender breast,

' Within her folding arms to rest,

' Thence never to be parted more,

' No never to be parted more.'

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair!

Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the starry sphere,

Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,

To ease the world of care.

Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd!

Phoebus himself to her must yield,

And at her feet lay down

His golden harp and lawrel crown.

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestick sound.

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;

Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,

And lasting as her name,

Who form'd the tuneful frame,

Th' immortal musick never dies.

Grand C H O R U S.

' Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd,

' Phoebus himself to her must yield,

‘ And at her feet lay down
 ‘ His golden harp and lawrel crown.
 ‘ The soft enervate lyre is drown’d
 ‘ In the deep organ’s more majestick found.
 ‘ In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies;
 ‘ Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 ‘ And lasting as her name,
 ‘ Who form’d the tuneful frame,
 ‘ Th’ immortal musick never dies.’

V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

GRACE Lady *GETHIN*,

Occasioned by reading her Book, intituled

RELIQUIAE GETHINIANAÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
 The learn’d themselves their ignorance lament;
 And aged men, whose lives exceed the space,
 Which seems the bound prescrib’d to mortal race,
 With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
 As doom’d to die before they’ve learn’d to live.
 So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
 So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
 Who e’er on this reflects, and then beholds,
 With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
 With admiration struck, shall question who
 So very long could live, so much to know?

For so compleat the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study, or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise!
When having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' aethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly minister we strait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick-recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims;
Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,
Where she, the blest intelligence, presides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of Stanton Harcourt, *Esq;* and ROBERT his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
 Father and son, together laid;
 Whose living virtues shall remain,
 When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
 What man shou'd be, to ripeness grown,
 And finish'd worth shou'd do, or shun,
 At full was in the father shown;
 What youth cou'd promise, in the son.

But death obdurate, both destroy'd
 The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud:
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. D R Y D E N,

On his Translation of *P E R S I U S*.

AS when of old heroick story tells
 Of knights imprison'd long by magick spells,
 'Till future time the destin'd hero send,
 By whom, the dire enchantment is to end;

Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poesie.

Those sullen clouds, which have, for ages past,
O'er Persius' too-long suff'ring muse been cast,
Disperse, and flie before thy sacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
Sure Phoebus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The God of musick, and poetick fires :
Else, whence proceeds this great surprize of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know :
So, unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles, in mysteries.
Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
Unless, what to antiquity is paid ;
But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far, our ignorance our faith mis-led)
'Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass :
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you, we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old Stoick virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brillant shines ;
And as before, for *Persius*, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him :
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives ;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So, stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
 'Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
 But thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire,
 Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

The ELEVENTH

SATIRE of JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans, in their feasting. The Poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shews us, the miserable end of such spend-thrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men, in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness, in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and by the bye, touches the nobility, with making vice and

debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

IF noble (1) Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests;
His wealth and quality support the treat:
Nor is it luxury in him, but state.

But when poor (2) Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madness: for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd (3) by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:

'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade,
That end debasing, for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.

Many there are of the same (4) wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whose sole bliss, is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

And yet what's more ridiculous: of these,
The poorest wretch, is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,

Wou'd ranfack ev'ry element, for choice
 Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price ;
 If brought from far, it very dear has coft,
 It has a flavour then, which pleafes moft,
 And he devours it with a greater guft.

In riot thus, while money lafts, he lives,
 And that exhausted, ftill new pledges gives ;
 'Till forc'd of meer neceffity, to eat,
 He comes to pawn his difh, to buy his meat.
 Nothing of filver, or of gold he fpare,
 Not what his mother's facred image bears;
 The broken (5) relick, he with fpeed devours,
 As he wou'd all the reft of's anceftors,
 If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to fale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The ftings of hunger, foon, and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ferve
 Fencers, for miserable fcraps, or ftarve.

Imagine now, you fee a plenteous feaft:
 The queftion is, at whole expence 'tis dref't.
 In great (6) Ventidius, we the bounty prize ;
 In Rutilus the vanity defpife.
 Strange ignorance ! that the fame man, who knows
 How far yond' mount above this mole-hill fhows,
 Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
 Between fmall incomes and a vaft eftate !
 From Heav'n, to mortals, fure, that rule was fent,
 Of ' Know thy felf,' and by fome God was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courfes which we fteer.
 Thirfites, (7) tho' the moft prefumptuous Greek,
 Yet durft not for Achilles' armour fpeak ;

When scarce (8) Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Who-e'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of sense;
' Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
' A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.'

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, int'rest and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile (9) Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
And tho' a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,
Begging an alms, with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure sudden death to such shou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy. }
But there are steps in villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching heat,
From crouds, and noise, and business to retreat.

One only grief such fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
The plays and loose diversions of the place,
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
' That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth ;'
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with (10) Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my (11) Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether, myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected glutton live;
If mod'rate fare and abstinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private Gormandize.
Evander's (12) feast reviv'd, to day thou'lt see,
' The poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides (13) and Aeneas both to me.

Mean time, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm, the tend'rest kid
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment, but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grafs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, shall mountain Sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country-maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest;
Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair;
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator :
When the good (14) Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress ;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves wou'd now disdain to taste ;
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dress'd (15) paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state ;
A salt, dry fitch of bacon to prepare :
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare !
Which rarely happen'd : and 'twas highly priz'd
If (16) ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind, wou'd come ;
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome ;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice (17) consuls been ;
Or the (18) dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y'have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
Before th' appointed (19) hour, to such a feast ;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious consuls bore the sway,
And vice discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our (20) censors then were subject to the law,
' Ev'n pow'r itself, of justice stood in awe.'
It was not then, a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,

Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his (21) bed,
That he at vast expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind ;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The soldier then, in (22) Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder, from the field ;
If cups of silver, or of gold he brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings streight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd ;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid :
The Roman wolf, suckling the (23) twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms, was known ;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No side-boards then, with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves, with massive dishes press'd ;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this ?
' Heav'n unwearied then, did blessings pour,
' And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour ;
' Mankind were then familiar with the God,
' He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod ;
' And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
' Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
' His golden (24) statues, hence the God have driv'n :
' For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
' 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to Heav'n.'

Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
 But let it on an oaken board be set,
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat :
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your venison's rank, or (25) ointments stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something, at great expence in India bought,
 Beneath whose orb, large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of (26) ivory :
 He finds no more of that offensive smell,
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
 An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o'th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me :
 Riot agrees not with frugality ;
 Then that unfashionable man am I,
 With me they'd starve, for want of ivory :
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,
 Not in my very tables, or chess-board ;
 Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
 Or what I carve ; nor is there ever left
 Any unfav'ry haut-goust from the haist.

A hearty welcome, to plain wholesome meat,
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state ;
 No sew'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
 Such as by skilful (27) Trypherus are taught :
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o'th' air ;

And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my (28) Ganymede;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels, fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from (29) Phrygia brought,
No Catamites, by shameful Pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son;
A chearful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Tho' sometimes sadness will o'er-cast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth, to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,

With wine from his own country brought, and made
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With am'rous songs and (30) wanton dances grac'd;
 When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
 Such sights, the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
 Virtue (31) would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold;
 A needful help, to make 'em both approve
 The dry embraces of long-wedded love.

In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
 But she, who by her sexes charter, must
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms, with an immod'rate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great.
 Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation wou'd refuse.
 But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
 What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:

The fruits which murder, cards or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

}

But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may,
To peace and soft repose, give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneasy passions still.

}

What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

}

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestick griefs at home be left,
The wife's adult'ry, with the servants theft;

And (the most racking thought, which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While (32) Megalensian shows are in the (33) Circus seen:
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The (34) praetor sits, on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest, from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Eccho's already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry——' Away, away,
' The (35) green have won the honour of the day.'

Oh, shou'd these sports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of (36) sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of (37) Cannae's fatal field.
Such shows as these, were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phoebus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common (38) censure fear:
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bath, and eat, before the usual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent use would the delight exclude:
' Pleasure's a toil, when constantly pursu'd.'

Explanatory N O T E S on the foregoing S A T I R E.

1 **A**tticus. The name of a very eminent person in Rome: but here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.

2 Rutilus. One who by his own extravagant gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the most shameful degree of poverty. This, likewise, is here made use of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consum'd.

3 'Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice.'
Sometimes persons were compell'd, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage, for his inhuman diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemn'd malefactors were so employ'd: Which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forc'd by his own extravagance, for a livelihood (like Rutilus) apply'd himself to that wretched trade.

'Restrain'd by no advice.'

Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to such a practice of fencing; yet it was a shame that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the magistracy, to the contrary.

4 'Of the same wretched kind,' viz.
Reduc'd to poverty by riotous living.

5 'The broken reliqt.'
Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discover'd to be his mother's picture, when expos'd to sale.

6 Ventidius. A noble Roman, who liv'd hospitably.

7 Therſites. An impudent, deformed, ill-tongu'd fellow (as Homer describes him, Iliad 2.) who accompany'd the Grecian army to the siege of Troy: where he took a privilege often to rail and snarle at the commanders. Some relate that at last Achilles, for his sawciness, kill'd him with a blow of his fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal, here, as relating a matter of fact; but Therſites is

used here, to signify any body of the same kind: as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contending for Achilles his armour. See his character admirably improv'd by Mr. Dryden in his tragedy of 'Truth found too late.'

8 Ulysses. The most eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After Achilles's death, Ajax a fam'd Grecian warrior pretended to his armour; Ulysses opposed him, before a council of war, and by his admirable eloquence obtain'd the prize, Ovid. Metam. 13.

9 Pollio. Brought to that pass, by his gluttony, that he was forc'd to sell his ring, the mark of honour and distinction, worn by the Roman knights.

10 Astræa. The goddess of justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the golden age,

'Ultima coelestium terras Astræa reliquit.' Ovid.

11 Persicus. Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this satire.

12 Evander. A prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his father, forsook his own country, and came into Italy; settling in that place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil, Aen. 8. tells us that he entertained both Hercules and Aeneas, when he was in a low condition.

13 Alcides. Hercules, so called from his grandfather Alcaeus.

14 Curius Dentatus. A great man who had been three times consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

15 A dish in great esteem among the Romans.

'——— Nil vulva pulchrius ampla.' Horat.

16 If they kill'd a sacrifice, and any flesh remain'd to spare, it was priz'd as an accidental rarity.

17 Consul. By the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus, (the last Roman king) the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled, and resolv'd to commit the government, for the future, into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year a-new, and whom they call'd consuls.

18 Dictator, Was a general chosen upon some emergent occasions; his office was limited for six months; which

time expired, (if occasion were) they chose another, or continu'd the same, by a new election. The Dictator differ'd in nothing from a king, but in his name, and the duration of his authority: his power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

19 'Before th' appointed hour,'

It was accounted greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour; and our three a clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary hour; and always excusable in old people.

20 Censors, Were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men; they had power to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanors: and in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Romans eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table, which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards at great expence, adorn'd with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

22 Grecian arts. The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our poet, Sat. 3.

'—Non possum ferre, Quirites,

'Graecam Urbem—'

23 Romulus and Remus. Twins, and founders of the Roman empire; who the poets feign were nurs'd by a wolf: the woman's name being Lupa.

24 Formerly the statues of the Gods were made of clay: but now of gold. Which extravagance was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferr'd to silver.

27 Trypherus. There were in Rome, professors of the art of carving; who taught publicly in schools. Of this kind Trypherus was the most famous.

28 Ganymede. Cup-bearer.

29 Phrygia. Whence pretty boys were brought to

Rome, and sold publickly in the markets, to vile uses.

30 An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.

31 'Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
'Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold.'

These lines in Juvenal,

'Spectant hos nuptae, juxta recubante marito,

'Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem praesentibus ipsis.'

in some late editions, are plac'd nearer the latter end of this Satire: and in the order of this translation, wou'd so have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.

'Such shows as these, were not for us design'd,

'But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.'

But I have continued 'em in this place after Lubin. Besides the example of the learned Holyday for the same position; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense both before and after. For the Megalensian games consisting chiefly of races, and such like exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators: but it was a manifest immodesty, for them to lye by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex, in the manner describ'd.

32 Megalensian shows. Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the Gods. She was called *μεγάλη μήτηρ*, Magna Mater, and from thence these games Megalesia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.

33 Circus. The place where those games were celebrated.

34 Praetor. An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff. He was to oversee these sports, and sat in great state, while they were acting; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

35 'The green have won the honour of the day.'
In running the races in the Circus, with horses in chariots; there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries: which were green, a kind of russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the shouts, for joy of their party. Af-

terward Domitian added two more, the golden and purple factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Romans had for such shows.

37 Cannae. A small town, near which Hannibal obtain'd a great victory over the Romans: in that battle were slain 40000 men, and so many gentlemen, that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.

38 See the Notes at Fig. 19.

P R O L O G U E

T O

Q U E E N M A R Y,

U P O N

*Her Majesty's coming to see the Old Batchelor, after
having seen the Double-Dealer.*

BY this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of majesty;
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excell:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a queen.

Long has the muses land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;

Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
 Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light :
 While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
 Has struggled strongly with the killing cold :
 So does it still through opposition grow,
 As if its root was warmer kept by snow :
 But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,
 On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,
 And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts wou'd spare.
 But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
 And warmth that from this royal presence flows.

O wou'd she shine with rays more frequent here !
 How gay wou'd, then, this drooping land appear !
 Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view,
 The smiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.
 O'er all the meads, shou'd various flowers be seen
 Mix'd with the lawrel's never-fading green,
 The new creation of a gracious queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE

*Opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market,
 with an Italian Pastoral: Spoken by Mrs. Brace-
 girdle.*

Whatever future fate our house may find,
 At present we expect you shou'd be kind :
 Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
 Before enjoyment and the wedding night.

You must be fix'd a little e'er you range,
You must be true 'till you have time to change.
A week at least; one night is sure too soon:
But we pretend not to a honey moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.
In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
Of harmless loves our painted forests ring
In notes, perhaps less foreign than the thing.
To sound and show at first we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with some sense,
But that, at present, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd:
But in good breeding, sure, they'll once excuse
Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger muse.
The day's at hand, when we shall shift the scene,
And to your selves shew your dear selves again:
Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

}

}

P R O L O G U E

T O

P Y R R H U S *King of E P I R U S.*

O U R age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
 For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part; }
 And a good head, more useful than a heart.
 This way of war, does our example yield;
 That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
 We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
 But starving one another to compliance.
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
 And those which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
 They conquer, who cut off the foe's provision.
 Let fools, with knocks and bruises, keep a pother;
 Our war and trade, is to out-wit each other.
 But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
 That both our conduct, and our foresight, fail us,
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus, in the dead vacation of the town?
 To muster up our rhimes, without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season?
 Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd muse:
 Th' occasion ta'en, when criticks are away;
 Half wits and beaux, those rav'nous birds of prey.

But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.

Thus does our author his first flight commence ;

Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence :

Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able

(Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.

Then spare the youth : or if you'll damn the play,

Let him but first have his ; then take your day.

E P I L O G U E

T O

O R O O N O K O.

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and sunshine mixt, in April weather.
Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :
One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears :
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books :
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profession :
We damsels fly, to save our reputation :
So they, their valour show, we, our discretion.

}

To lands of monsters, and fierce beasts they go.
 We, to those islands where rich husbands grow :
 Tho' they're no monsters, we may make 'em so.
 If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience :
 But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
 Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
 Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
 Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms.
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
 Poor soul! she wanted some of our town breeding.
 Forgive the Indian's fondness of her spouse ;
 Their law no Christian liberty allows :
 Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
 If Virtue in a Heathen be a fault ;
 Then damn the Heathen school, where she was taught.
 She might have learnt to cuckold, jilt and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE *to the* Husband his own Cuckold.

A Comedy written by Mr. J. Dryden, Junior.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets, and for blasted plays.
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.
 Our authors too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.

What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a rott some years like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite ashamed
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christnings fall, and funerals encrease.
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height,
 'Odslife you don't know what you do, sirs, when you write.
 You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
 Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride. }
 Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
 Is grown as common now, as knitting knots;
 With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
 The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
 Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,
 But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
 A mode, said I? 'tis a disease, I think, }
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
 For still it spreads, 'till each th' infection takes,
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these, }
 Nor should you damn it, tho' it does not please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas.
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
 Yet as a stranger, there is something due:
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
 Start not at Rome, for there's no Popery meant;

Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his muse.
 Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
 Whose good, or ill-success, on you depends.
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son attone.
 There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young DRYDEN for his Father's sake.

PROLOGUE

To the COURT,

On the QUEEN's Birth-Day, 1704.

THE happy muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroick fame.
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.
 Happy her future days! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the court a faultless fair:

Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
And shame to manners an incorrigible town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
Such various virtues all around she views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse.
Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
ONE only awes her with superior light.
From that attempt the conscious muse retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aspires ;
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day:
On that bright star, to whose indulgent pow'r
We owe the blessings of the present hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date:
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By foreign conquest, or domestick peace.

Then Britain, then thy dawn of bliss begun :
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
Then was it doom'd whose councils shou'd succeed ;
And by whose arm the Christian world be freed ;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE
T E A R S

O F

AMARYLLIS for AMYNTAS.

A

P A S T O R A L,

Lamenting the DEATH of the

Late Lord Marquis of B L A N F O R D.

Inscribed to the

Right Honourable the Lord G O D O L P H I N,
Lord High-Treasurer of *England*.

*Qualis populeâ moerens Philomela sub umbra
Amisſos queritur fetus—————*

—————miferabile Carmen

Integrat, et moeſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Virg. Georg. 4.

'T WAS at the time, when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;

When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rose bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? Who such relentless eyes?
Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress and new compassion shew,
As taught by her to taste of human woe.
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n eccho fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Lest repetitions should her accents drown;
The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
Inhabitants of these once lov'd abodes;
Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

Have I not cause, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?

Tell me, thou sun that round the world dost shine,
Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs before?
Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide-spreading base
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd!
Lye all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
When hoary winter on thy shrinking head
His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,
Hast thou not felt less chilness in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe!
Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
Eternal winter should his horror shed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
To me what comfort can the spring afford?
Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
No, never! never!—Say then, rigid earth,
What is to me thy everlasting dearth,
Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
Tho' never tree again should blossom bear;
Tho' never grass shou'd cloath the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholsom herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholsom herb was found, nor healing plant,

To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains ;
In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains ;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds distilling deadly dew.
And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witness to this ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed ;
How each ran fearful to his mossie cave,
When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies ;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
And skreams of ill-prefaging birds were heard.
The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted streams their wonted channels left ;
With frantick grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and desolate was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft ;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were born,
For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn ;
For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in shades of endless night :
For thou wert light, and life, and health to me ;
The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.

Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
Did ever life so immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
And ev'ry muse prepar'd thy future praise.
For thee the busie nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the chearful song.
Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die.

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
Excess of grief her fault'ring speech suppress'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour,
Of softly falling rain, a silver show'r;
Her loosely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-spread the dewy grass like streams of light:
As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
And cast to earth the glories he had worn.
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.

The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
 Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
 And eccho multiply'd each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
 Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
 The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
 As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
 Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
 Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb :
 As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
 And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
 Was sudden spread with lively springing green ;
 And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
 A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise ;
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head ;
 From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew, [hue.
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence their mournful

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades ;
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
 Think on Amyntas, oft as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear :
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew.

TO CYNTHIA,

Weeping and not Speaking.

ELEGY.

WH Y are those hours, which Heav'n in pity lent
 To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
 Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move
 With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?
 Can discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n despair might rest?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,
 I am no stranger to an aching heart;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it, to give you relief:
 All love's severest pangs I can endure;
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure.
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain;
 Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
 Nay jealousy—and I have felt despair.
 These pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
 For cruel you, when I began to love,
 'Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
 O the dear hour, in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.

Thro' each returning year, may that hour be
Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the sun, that hour, in all his light,
Let him collect the day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that hour, and let the rest be night.
And shall I all this heav'n of blifs receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!
Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
When your cold scorn, and frowns forbid the fire;
Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
When all my joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,
Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I should think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek, thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O speak— for woe in silence most appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnifie my fears.
Is there a cause, which words cannot express?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think,—am I in fault?
I have not to my knowledge err'd in thought,

Nor wander'd from my love, nor wou'd I be
 Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep a-fresh, and at that word you start!
 Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part!
 Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
 For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
 Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
 And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears, and restless doubts increase;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
 Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

L E S B I A.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire.
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
 And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

D O R I S,

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
 Has every grace and art;
 A wise observer to engage,
 Or wound a heedless heart.
 Of native blush, and rosie dye,
 Time has her cheek bereft;
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply,
 With paint, th' injurious theft.
 Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth in good repair;
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size, she is not short, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more, than what the French wou'd call
'Aimable Embonpoint.'
Farther, her person to disclose
I leave——let it suffice,
She has few faults, but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.
She's one, who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.
Whom she refuses, she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.
Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes,
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By Reason, her own reason's meant,
Or if you please, her will:
For when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.
But who o'ernight obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange-man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.
So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
Some, censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespokes a noble mind.
Doris, our thanks nor asks, nor needs,
For all her favours done:
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.
On one or other, still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

T O S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falshood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But oh, how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread,
With friendly shade around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love!
O no! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respire,
'Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.

Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest with-held;
Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song;
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.
And all for thee——what had I well nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid.
No——as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O sleep, thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush! as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
Imperle the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend;
So wait thou for her morn; then, gently rise,
And to the world restore the day break of her eyes.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occasion'd

By L——y——s Picture.

I Yield, O Kneller, to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.
Thy pictures raise no doubts, when brought to view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist! how compleat thy skill!
Thy pow'r to act, is equal to thy will.

Nature and art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend:
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures, light consents with shade,
And, each, to other is subservient made,
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vast desert, is kept in store,
Unpay'd, 'till the deserver is no more.
Yet, thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
Ev'n he who best cou'd judge and best cou'd praise,
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathless lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that, fame.
Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
And court applause, by what I seem to pay.
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend:
And next to deeds, which our own honour raise,
Is, to distinguish them who merit praise.

To a C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart, by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
At once, are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

O V I D' s Third Book

O F T H E

A R T of L O V E.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

W H E R E I N

He recommends Rules and Instructions to the Fair Sex, in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already composed two Books for the Use of Men, upon the same Subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
 And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
 Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
 And mighty love determine which shall yield.
 Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show
 Unequal force against a naked foe:
 No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
 And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But, some exclaim, what frensie rules your mind?
 Would you encrease the craft of woman-kind!
 Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
 Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.
 But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
 Who charge on all, the failings of a few.
 Examine, first, impartially each fair,
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.

If (1) Menelaus, and the king of men,
With justice, of their sister-wives complain;
If false (2) Eriphyle forfook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope (3) was loyal still, and chaste,
Tho' twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
Reflect how (4) Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd. }
Think how (5) Alcestes' piety was prov'd,
Who lost her life, to save the man she lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, (6) Evadne cry'd ;
Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide :
To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire.
She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
Virtue (7) herself a goddess we confess,
Both female in her name and in her dress;
No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But these exalted souls exceed the reach
Of that soft art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender barque requires a gentle gale;
A little wind will fill a little sail.
Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways
The willing nymph must use, her blis to raise, }
And how to captivate the man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart :
Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless (8) Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creüsa partner of his bed.

Bright (9) Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
 If then, the wild inhabitants of air
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
 It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
 Enquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
 Why (10) Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
 She fought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea:
 Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
 To thee, (11) Eliza, was unfaithful found;
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
 Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
 Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.
 Love, of itself, too quickly will expire;
 But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
 Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
 Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
 And thus she said; 'What have poor women done?
 ' Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd;
 ' On ev'ry side, by men well arm'd, enclos'd?
 ' Twice are the men instructed by thy muse,
 ' Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
 ' The (12) bard who injur'd Helen in his song,
 ' Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
 ' And you, if on my favour you depend,
 ' The cause of women, while you live, defend.'
 This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
 She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore.)

SEVERAL SONNETS. 103
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not, hereafter will the loss repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see, how leaf-less now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour pass'd:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.

Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalks must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births, too soon will youth impair:
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays, too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian (13) fwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, (14) Cephalus disdain;
'The Paphian queen, who, for (15) Adonis' fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since ;
Witness (16) Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
'Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
'Tho' constant use, ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch decay?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain (17)?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of Gods, the sexes pride!
Yet, to how many, is that gift deny'd?

Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's (18) spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bulls, and tanns their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well carefs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt;
This (19) Capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not, that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought;
Not for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocard appear;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire;
And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or mis-become the face.
What suits your features, of your glass enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.

A face too long shou'd part, and flat the hair,
Left, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :
So Laodamia drefs'd. A face too round,
Shou'd show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either shoulder, one, her locks displays ;
Adorn'd like Phocbus, when he sings his lays :
Another, all her tresses ties behind ;
So drefs'd, Diana hunts the scarful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some ;
Others, the binding fillets more become :
Some plat, like spiral shells, their braded hair,
Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
But, to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence ensnare ;
Whole mornings oft, in such a dress are spent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With such disorder (20) Iöle was grac'd,
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
And art gives colour which with nature vycs.
The well-wove tours they wear, their own are thought ;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drefs'd,
And chuse, at publick shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
 What folly must in such expence appear,
 When more becoming colours are less dear?
 One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue ;
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view.
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
 Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display ;
 With this, the nymphs, their beauteous forms array :
 And some, the saffron hue will well adorn ;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
 Of myrtle berries, one, the tincture shows ;
 In this, of amethysts, the purple grows,
 And, that, more imitates the paler rose. }
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms,
 Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim ;
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
 As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'erspread,
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled ;
 So various are the colours you may try,
 Of which, the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
 Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear ;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair (21) Briseis dress'd :
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
 Andromeda (22) so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful smells,
 Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unseemly hair.

Tho' not to nymphs of (23) Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian (24) spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no neglect,
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, lost colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be ashamed, who tries,
By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book (25) I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May see, what pains to please 'em I've employ'd.
But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
Who would not take offence, to see a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unfav'ry scent is still the same.
Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
Even Myro's (26) statues, which for art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless mass;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus shews to view.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.

Add the last hand, before yourselves you show ;
Your need of art, why should your lover know ?
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best ;
And few, of strict enquiry, bear the test.

Those figures which in theatres are seen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight ;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.
But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd ;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does ; who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails ;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room :
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once surpriz'd ;
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
And in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn ;
A leaf-less tree, or an unverdant mead ;
And as ungraceful is a hair-less head.

But think not, these instructions are design'd
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind :
 Nor to a Semele, or (27) Leda bright,
 Nor an (28) Europa, these my rules I write ;
 Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
 Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms :
 Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
 And Paris well defended what he won ;
 What lover, or what husband, would not fight
 In such a cause, where both are in the right ?

The croud I teach, some homely, and some fair ;
 But of the former sort, the larger share.
 The handsome least require the help of art,
 Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
 When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lyes,
 But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face, correct ;
 And few are seen that have not some defect.
 The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit,
 Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to sit ;
 And when extended on her couch she lyes,
 Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
 The lean, of thick-wrought stuff her cloaths should chuse,
 And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
 If pale, let her the crimson juice apply ;
 If swarthy, to the (29) Pharian varnish fly.
 A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear ;
 Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
 Round shoulders, (30) bolster'd, will appear the least ;
 And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
 Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
 Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
 And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
 Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.

Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
Others, thro' affectation, lisp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
But female grace allures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
And ev'ry step and graceful motion show.
Another, like an (31) Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust,
Nor shew too nice a gate, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare.
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

(32) Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain:

Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
 When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
 Singing inſinuates : learn, all ye maids ;
 Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades.
 Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
 Or in Ruelle ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
 Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
 And with her lute accompany her voice.
 The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſt to liſten ſtaid,
 When on his lyre melodious (33) Orpheus play'd ;
 Even Cerberus and hell that ſound obey'd.
 And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
 O Thebes, attracted by (34) Amphiſion's lays.
 The Dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
 And was, (35) Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.

Of ſweet (36) Callimachus the works rehearſe,
 And read (37) Philetas and (38) Anacreon's verſe.
 Terentian plays may much the mind improve ;
 But ſoſteſt (39) Sapho beſt inſtructs to love.
 Propertius, Gallus, and (40) Tibullus read,
 And let (41) Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
 Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe ;
 Of all the Latian bards the nobleſt muſe.
 Even I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
 May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
 My labour'd lines, ſome readers may approve,
 Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love.
 Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
 Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epiſtles too, by me are fram'd,
 A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
 Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine !
 Such thine, Apollo, and Lyæus, thine !

Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
 Who gracefully to dance was never taught :

That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then, base desire of gain, then, rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
Then, clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the Gods despise.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.
Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these,
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
To stop, or turn the steed, in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill sute your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing (42) Virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's (43) gardens, or the shady groves
Which Caesar honours, and which Phoebus loves:

(44) Phoebus, who sunk the proud Aegyptian fleet,
 And made Augustus' victory compleat;
 Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd, to Livia's and (45) Octavia's name;
 Or, where (46) Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.
 To Isis' (47) fane, to theatres resort;
 And in the Circus see the noble sport.
 In ev'ry publick place, by turns, be shown;
 In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
 Should you, in singing, (48) Thamyras transcend;
 Your voice unheard, who cou'd your skill commend?
 Had not (49) Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
 Her beauties, still, beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd, write only for a name,
 And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
 In former days, I own, the poets were
 Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar care;
 Majestick awe was in the name allow'd,
 And, they, with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius (50) with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
 And, next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
 Still, there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise:
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?

Who could have been of (51) Danae's charms assur'd,
 Had she grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
 This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph pursue;
 That 'tis her int'rest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
 In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
 So, let the fair the gazing croud assail,
 That over one, at least, she may prevail.

In ev'ry place to please, be all her thought;
 Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
 Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
 Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How cou'd Andromeda once doubt relief,
 Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
 The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
 While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
 And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.

}

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd;
 And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
 Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
 Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
 This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
 And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
 Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
 Light, as themselves, and more effeminate.
 Believe me; all I say is for your good;
 Had (52) Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
 Who know no love, but sordid love of gain.
 But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
 Your well-believing, easie hearts ensnare.
 Rich cloaths are oft by common sharpers worn,
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
 So, may your lover burn with fierce desire
 Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
 Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets;
 And as she runs, ' Give me my own,' repeats.
 How often, (53) Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
 Some so notorious are, their very name
 Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.

Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For, she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit;
With impious hands cou'd quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love epistles, tender lines impart,
And Billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd:
Soon from the words, you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
E'er in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, encrease desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.
Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears encrease,
But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A style too coarse, takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger, 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.

What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discov'ries, sure as light'ning, blast:
Might I advise, fraud shou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First, rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my muse prepare,
And clap on all the sail the barque can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the finest face:
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine (54) Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; she flung it quick aside;
'Nor is thy musick so much worth,' she cry'd.
Look in your glass, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.

Nor with excessive pride insult the fight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
' Like things which by antipathy we hate !'
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
Let sad (55) Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties, fullen heroes move ;
We chearful men, like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
My life ; my soul ; or speak endearing words.

Why, from comparisons shou'd I refrain,
Or, fear small things by greater to explain ?
Observe what conduct prudent gen'ral's use,
And how their sev'ral officers they chuse ;
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another, for the horse, is thought more fit.
So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send ;
The lawyers shou'd, in courts, your cause defend.
We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe ;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.

By us, your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd ;
So (56) Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west, Lycoris' praises ring :
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere :
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar ; and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove ;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And, both, to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the muse, revere ;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact ;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse ;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone :
With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware ;
' Nor love, nor empire, can a rival bear.'
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth disdains, endure ;
No windows break nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own, or mistresses attire.

In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But, men in years, more calmly wrongs resent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
Then, swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How, surely to enslave ourselves, we show.
To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuse.
Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
' Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny : '
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far, with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I, now, sharp weapons for the sex provide;
Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em try'd.

When, first, a lover you design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.
Then steins the courser to out-strip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.

Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive ;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs ;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your husband's spies beset the door :
Tho' free as (57) Thais, still affect a fright ;
For, seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in thro' your window steal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well ;
And, sometimes, let your maid surprize pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet, ever and anon, dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere ;
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He shou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.
That wives shou'd of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law :
But, that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies.
For such fair nymphs, these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' stuck with (58) Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write ?
Or, can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confident may hide ?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin, your mind express.

New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
'Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tow'r of brass, a grandsire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught, to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and Gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
With presents, fools and wise alike are caught;
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd,
Of jealousie occasion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind,
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not, too far, your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover, in your stead.
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
And for the (59) Lemnian ladies, whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid:
To what we wish, 'tis easie to persuade.
With dying eyes, his face and form survey,
Then, sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay:
Now, drop a tear, your sorrows to assuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as these, will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
'How can I let this poor fond creature dye?'
But chiefly, one, such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires,
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor strait fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near, where his purple head Hymettus shows
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.
There, Rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
'There, tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytusus, and garden pines, abound.
While thro' the boughs, soft winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither, wou'd Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd:
And, thus, to Air, the panting youth wou'd pray,
'Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay.
But some tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her rose colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the Winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound, forbore.

Now, all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
With (60) Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves, below, her friends ;
And, all alone, the shady hill ascends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lye conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
She, now, shall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
'Thus, love, with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears:
But more than all, excessive love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too easily believes.

And, now, a chillness run thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun ;
With water, first, he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;
And heard him, soon, th' accustom'd words repeat,
' Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat : '
Soon as she found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
With joy she rose, to clasp him in her arms:
But, Cephalus, the rustling noise alarms ;
Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
And strait, his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth !——I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.

‘ Me, me, (she crys) thou’st wounded with thy dart!

‘ But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.

‘ Yet, lighter on my ashes, earth will lye,

‘ Since, tho’ untimely, I unrival’d die:

‘ Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,

‘ Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.’

Close to his heavy heart, her cheek he laid,

And wash’d, with streaming tears, the wound he made;

At length, the springs of life their currents leave,

And her last gasp, her husband’s lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we must provide,

’Till, safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou’d teach

What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a feast;

Rather, come last, as a more grateful guest.

For, that, of which we fear to be depriv’d,

Meets with the surest welcome, when arriv’d.

Besides, complexions of a coarser kind,

From candle-light, no small advantage find.

During the time you eat, observe some grace,

Nor let your unwip’d hands besmear your face;

Nor, yet, too squeamishly your meat avoid,

Lest we suspect you were in private cloy’d.

Of all extreams in either kind beware,

And still, before your belly’s full, forbear.

No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,

Tho’ more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the mod’rate use,

More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;

It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,

And wine and love have always been allies.

But, carefully from all intemp’rance keep,

Nor drink ’till you see double, lisp, or sleep.

For in such sleeps, brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loath, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in bed.
But modesty forbids : nor more, my muse,
With weary wings, the labour'd flight pursues;
Her purple (61) swans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
And equal arms, on either sex bestow :
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid, must own, their master is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

1 **A** Gamemnon and Menelaus, two brothers, marry'd two sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena, both of 'em prefer'd galants to their husbands beds.

2 Eriphyle, daughter of Talaon, king of Argos, for the sake of a golden chain, perswaded her husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, in which she knew he must be slain.

3 Penelope, daughter of Icarus and Polycasta, was married to Ulysses, and much celebrated by the ancients for her invincible chastity.

4 When Laodamia heard her husband Protefilaus was kill'd in the Trojan war, she passionately desired to see his ghost, which being granted her by the Gods, she embraced it so closely that she perish'd in the embrace.

5 She offer'd to die to lengthen her husband Admetus's life.

6 Evadne the daughter of Iphias marry'd Capaneus, who signaliz'd himself in the Theban war

7 Virtue was represented at Rome in a woman's habit, and had a temple and altars dedicated to her.

8 Jason, the son of Aeson, marry'd Medea the king of Colchos' daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the golden fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and marry'd Creusa daughter to the king of Corinth.

9 Ariadne, the daughter of Minos king of Crete, being in love with Theseus, conducted him out of the labyrinth, by the means of a clew of thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren shore, and she was afterwards marry'd to Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus king of Thrace, despairing of the return of Demophoon, son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last favours, was transform'd into an almond-tree as she was going to hang herself.

11 Aeneas and Dido. The pious hero excus'd his falsehood by the injunction of the Gods.

12 The poet Stesichorus wrote a bitter satire against Helen, for which her brothers Castor and Pollux pluck'd out his eyes; but having recanted some time after in his Palinodia, a poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his sight.

13 Endymion, with whom the moon fell in love, and descended to converse with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.

14 Aurora being in love with Cephalus, who had marry'd Procris the king of Athens his daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his wife, that, 'tis said, she was forc'd to ravish him. The reader will meet with a fuller account of him at the end of this book.

15 Adonis the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, was slain by a boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpressible grief of the Goddess Venus.

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan prince Aeneas her son by Anchises.

17 'Still women lose, you cry, &c.

'Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.

'Quid, nisi quam fumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?'

These verses are not barely translated to the literal sense which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the interpretation of Heinsius, who seems truly to understand the text, tho' differing in his conjecture from Scaliger and other commentators. If any reader is curious enough

to consult the commentary of Heinſius on this place, he will find by other inſtances cited from Ovid, that ‘*aquam ſumere*’ was a phraſe appropriated to a particular time and cuſtom among women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only paſſage in this book which all other commentators but Heinſius have render’d unintelligible; for otherwiſe the verſes are not very conſiderable: and the moſt which Ovid ſays in this place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid, ‘Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their hands, when it can coſt ’em nothing but a little water to waſh ’em afterwards, which is not worth ſaving?’

18 Andromache, the wife of Hector, is always repreſented as a plain ſort of woman.

19 The Capitol was a hill in Rome, ſo called from a man’s head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the temple of Jupiter.

20 Iole, daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, and wife to Hercules. He took her from her father by force, becauſe the king would not conſent to it when he return’d from Aetolia, where he had marry’d Deianira.

21 Hippodamia the daughter of Brifeſ, from thence call’d Brifeis, ſell by lot to Achilles at the ſack of Lyrneſſus.

22 Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus king of Aethiopia, was for her mother’s pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible ſea-monſter, but being reſcued by Perſeus, ſhe was afterward marry’d to him.

23 Caucasus is a mountain which ſtretches itſelf from the Eaſt-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by ſeveral names, according as it is inhabited by ſeveral nations.

24 Myſia is a country in Aſia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the worthleſſneſs of its inhabitants. Ovid ſaith he is addreſſing himſelf to the polite Roman ladies, and not to the wild inhabitants of Caucasus and Myſia.

25 He means his book ‘*de Medicamine Faciei*,’ of which we have ſome fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous ſtatuaries of this name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eluthera.

27 Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the curioſity to enjoy the God

in his celestial majesty, was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Thestius, and the wife of Tyndarus king of Oebalia: Jupiter in the shape of a swan enjoy'd her as she was bathing in the River Eurotus.

28 Europa, the daughter of Agenor king of Phaenicia, was ravish'd by Jupiter in the shape of a bull.

29 Pharos was a little island at the mouth of the Nile, abounding with crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles, or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

30 Analectides, little bolsters of flocks. The same invention is us'd in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calv'd stockings for the men. And 'tis satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

31 The Umbrians inhabited a country joining to the Appenine hills, which run from Savona, on the coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian streights. This nation were reckon'd as rustick in their manners, as strong in bodies, and stout of heart. The poet gives us, in an Umbrian woman, a just idea of a modern peasant's wife.

32 The Syrens were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Ligia, half women, and half fish. One made use of her voice, the second of her lyre, and the third of her flute. Their haunt was on the coast of Sicily, where they charm'd voyagers, but Ulysses escap'd them.

33 Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the lyre, that 'tis said he drew after him trees and wild beasts, and charm'd hell with his musick, whither he went to recover his wife Eurydice.

34 Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre.

35 Arion was a musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of money in his travels, the sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by sea; but a dolphin, charm'd with his musick, convey'd him on his back safe to Peloponesus, where he procured Periander to put the sailors to death.

36 Callimachus, the son of Battus, was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest men of his age.

37 Philetas was a native of Coos, an island in the Aegean sea; he was a celebrated poet, and writer of elegies,

and flourish'd under Philip, and his son Alexander the Great.

38 Anacreon was a lyrick poet of Teios; being a great lover of wine, he choak'd himself with a grape-stone as he was drinking.

39 Sapho was born at Mitylene in the isle of Lesbos: she writ nine books of elegies, and several epigrams and satires. Her sentiments were very tender in her verses, for which reason Ovid recommends 'em. According to some authors, she flung herself into the sea, becaute Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated poets of the Augustan age. Propertius was a native of Umbria, and very much esteemed by Mecaenas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Aegypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his wit, than his gallantry and profusion.

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in love with a lady call'd Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his poetry.

42 The poet means the summer season, when the sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 These were the most noted gardens in Rome, and in the field of Mars.

44 'Tis said Phoebus descended at the battle of Actium, and was present on the Roman side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's portico built near Marcellus's theatre.

46 Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's daughter by Scribonia, and his father-in-law honour'd him with a naval crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

47 Ovid gives us to understand, in his first book of the Art of Love, that people frequented the temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous intrigues.

48 Thamyras, the son of Philammon, was a poet, and one of the greatest musicians of his time: having gain'd the prize of singing at the Pythick games, he met the muses in his return homewards, and had the insolence to give them a challenge, fancying he cou'd out-do them in that art; at which the daughters of Jupiter were so enrag'd that they depriv'd him of his reason, or as Diodorus says they

took from him his voice, and his art of playing on the lute.

49 Apelles was for his great skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his master-piece was reckoned the Venus rising out of the sea, of which Ovid speaks in this place.

50 Ennius was the first Roman that wrote annals in heroick verse; his subject was the wars of Italy, and particularly the second Punick war, which he did to compliment his friend and patron Scipio, in whose tomb he was bury'd, and who placed the poet's statue near his own, which shows how highly he honour'd him.

51 Danae daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos; who having consulted the oracle, and being told he should be kill'd by her son, shut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himself into a golden shower, brib'd her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perseus. Her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the sea; but being fortunately cast ashore, on one of the islands call'd Cyclades, the king of the island marry'd the mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his grandfather.

52 Priam, king of Troy, and father of Paris who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their ambassadors; but other councils prevailing, the war ensu'd, which ended in the destruction of Troy, and the death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, after forty years reign.

53 The temple of Venus stood in the Appian way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman ladies, who came thither to meet their sparks.

54 Minerva playing on her flute by a river side, and observing in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the instrument in a passion.

55 Tecmessa, the daughter of Teuthrantes a Phrygian prince, was taken prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his lot, upon the division of the spoil.

56 These are names the Roman poets of those times gave their mistresses in their verses.

57 Thais was a name given to all sort of women of a lewd character, who however affect discretion.

58 Argos had an hundred eyes, and kept Io from Jupi-

ter by Juno's order, for which Mercury kill'd him by command of his father Jove; to make him amends Juno turn'd him into a peacock, and placed his eyes in his tail.

59 The poet alludes here to those wicked women who rose against the men, and did not spare their own husbands.

60 The priestesses and priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the festival of that God, did it with the noise of shouts, drums, timbrels, and cymbals, were crown'd with ivy, vine, &c and carry'd a Thyrsus or staff wreath'd with it in their hands; they were frantick and outrageous in their actions during this ceremony.

61 By this Ovid shews he's both a poet and a lover, for the swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's car sometimes, tho' the doves are ofteneft us'd upon that occasion.

O F

P L E A S I N G;

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

Sir *RICHARD TEMPLE*.

'TIS strange, dear TEMPLE, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace sings —and sure, as strange is this:
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.

Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
Th' untrusted wretch, to secrecie pretends,
Whisp'ring his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part;
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus, man, perverse, against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd, contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his sinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature, to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
Men most affect, in general to please;
Of this affection, vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;

That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales, his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one, but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill;
And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study 'em with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
'Affect not any thing in nature's spite.'
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? for ill resembling human-kind.
'None are, for being what they are, in fault,
'But for not being what they wou'd be thought.'
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem,
By nature, form'd for love, and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;

I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it, in the man I love.
'Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause ;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases ? how explain
A rule, to which I never could attain ?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person, once,
Concern'd to find his only son a dunce ;
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
'Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains ;
And now the sire prepares the book t'impart,
Which was yclep'd ' Of Memory the Art.'
But ah ! how oft is human care in vain !
For now, he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case : like most of theirs who teach ;
I ill may practise, what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.

The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Maccr and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critick's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.



A
PINDARIQUE
ODE,

Humbly offer'd to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progress of

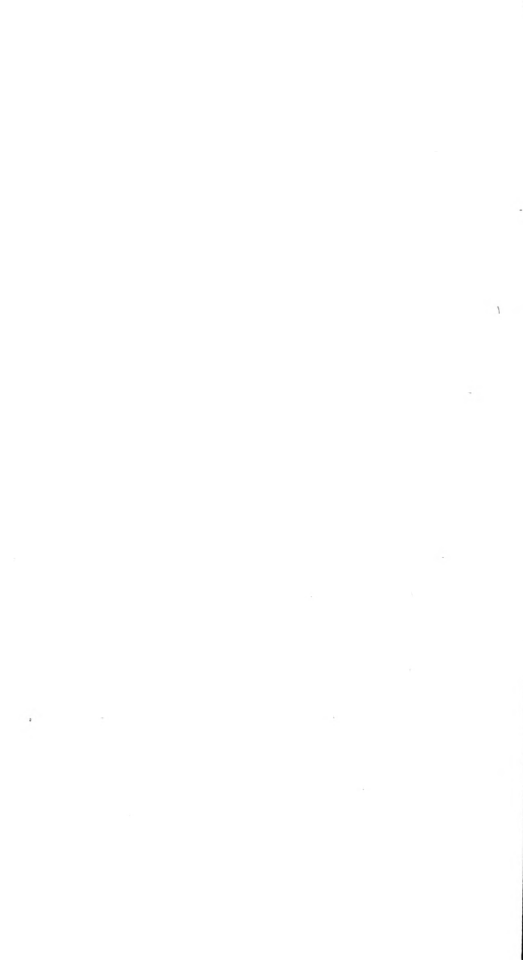
Her MAJESTY' s Arms, under the
Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefix'd,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIQUE ODE.

—OPEROSA PARVUS
CARMINA FINGO.

Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.



A

DISCOURSE

O N T H E

P I N D A R I Q U E O D E.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the antient Lyrick Poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intituled Pindarique Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one Ode contriv'd after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees * brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindariques, is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, express'd in a like parcel of irregular Stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportion'd, uncertain and perplex'd verses and rhimes. And

* Pausan. Boeotic.

I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his Stanzas and Verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For tho' his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which tho' not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so * misunderstood and misapply'd by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the Stanza's in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have apply'd '*numerusque fertur lege solutis*,' to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the lawrel, let him write of what, or in what manner

soever, viz. first, whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which 'break through the bounds prescrib'd to other Odes;' or, secondly, whether he writes of Gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c. or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games: or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

songs of triumph, victory or success in the Grecian games: they were sung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and sometimes to the Lyre and * Pipe; they consisted oftneft of three Stanzas; the first was call'd the Strophé, from the version or circular motion of the fingers in that Stanza from the right hand to the † left. The second Stanza was call'd the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the Chorus; the fingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the Strophé. The third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their Odes, is not our present business to enquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé,

* Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace L. 4. Ode. 1. *mistis Carminibus non sine fistula.* and L. 3. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum Lyra?*

† Or from the left to the right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. *Introduc. ad Olymp.* And Alex. ab Alexandro. L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the Chorus, says, 'Cursum au-

'*spicati a Laeva dextrorsum*
'*—mox a dextra Laevor-*
'*sum.*' But the learned Schmidius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notions of the ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. *Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.*

they intended to represent the contrarotation of the *Primum Mobile*, in respect of the *Secunda Mobilia*; and that by their standing still at the *Epode*, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. * Others ascribe the institution to *Theseus*, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observ'd in the composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his *Strophé* or first Stanza, was oblig'd to observe the same in his *Antistrophé*, or second Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verses and quantity of Feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third Stanza, or *Epode*; where, accordingly, he diversify'd his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him; composing that Stanza of more or fewer Verses than the former, and those Verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this *Epode* being thus form'd, he was strictly oblig'd to the same † measure as often as he should repeat it in the order of his Ode, so that every *Epode* in the same Ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every *Strophé* and *Antistrophé*, in respect to each other.

The Lyrick poet *Stesichorus* (whom ‡ *Longinus*

* *Pind. Schol. et Schmid. ibid.* † *Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3.* ‡ *Longin. de Sub. c. 13.*

reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom * Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the Ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three Stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, † ‘ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti;’ so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, ‘he did not so much as know the three Stanzas of Stesichorus;’ that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, an Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean, in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of Lyric Poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say, for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led ’em into such enquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far

* Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1. | ‘ter indocto et imperito

† ὅτι τὰ τρία Στρεσιχόρου | ‘dici solitum.’ Erasmi. A-
γινώσκεις, de vehemen- | dag.

from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to sing our Odes, the titles, as well as use of Strophé, Antistrophé, and Epode, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mention'd 'em here, and observ'd the order of 'em in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of these Odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confus'd structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal Odes should consist of the three aforementioned Stanzas; yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the first and second Stanzas, with more appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the same quantities and measures, I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not shew itself, 'till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the enquiry.

Nothing can be call'd beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Musick, should not be destitute of 'em; and of all Poetry, especially the Ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindarique Odes, speaking of the musick of Numbers, says ' which sometimes (especially in songs and Odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent Poet.'

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindarique Odes. The beauty of his Verses, are an atonement for the irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the force of his Figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal though innocent occasion, of so many deformed poems since, which instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painters term) been only Caricaturas of him, resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error, in having heretofore mis-call'd a few irregular Stanzas

a Pindarique Ode ; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own, that never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust ; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce Odes without being oblig'd either to measure or design, remain'd satisfy'd ; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if * Pausanias was well inform'd, we may be assur'd, that Brevity was a beauty which he most industriously labour'd to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythicks ; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolv'd to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last Strophé of the same Ode, which take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius.

‘ Qui multa paucis stringere commode

‘ Novere, morsus hi facile invidos

‘ Spernunt, et auris mensque pura

‘ Omne supervacuum rejectat.’

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of memory, immortal muse,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuse
Of ANNA's name to sing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raise sublime on thy aetherial wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That (1) harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, cou'd charm;
That harp which on Cithæne's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventer Hermes taught to sound:
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,

The wond'rous work bestow'd;
 Latona's son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine!
 A God the gift, a God th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of A N N A's name.
 The lyre is struck! the sounds I hear!
 O muse, propitious to my pray'r!
 O well-known sounds! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Maconian flame!

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone:
 Witness sweet Spencer's lays:
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spencer sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyn o'er Tyber's flood cou'd raise,
 And mighty William sing, with well-proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With chearful ray the ruddy morn.
 Thy lovely form, and fresh reviving state,
 In crystal flood of Thames survey;
 Then, bless thy better fate,
 Bless A N N A's most auspicious sway.
 While distant realms and neighb'ring lands,
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On every side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair C A P I T A L of Liberty!
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
 Unshaken fees against her silver shoars
 His foaming billows beat ;
 So Britain's Q U E E N amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others woes.
 Thus A N N A 's mighty mind,
 To mercy and soft pity prone,
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
 To wake for common good, and succour human-kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny, no more be known
 Within Europa's blissful bound ;
 Far as th' uninhabitable Zone
 Fly ev'ry hospitable ground.
 To horrid (2) Zembla's frozen realms repair,
 There with the baleful beldam, N I G H T,
 Unpeopl'd empire share,
 And rob those lands of legal right.
 For now is come the promis'd hour,
 When justice shall have pow'r ;
 Justice to earth restor'd !
 Again Astrea reigns !
 A N N A her equal scale maintains,
 And M A R L B R Ô weilds her sure deciding sword.

I.

Now, cou'dst thou soar, my muse, to sing the M A N
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan

Her tow'ring pinions spread ;
 Thou shouldst of M A R L B R ô sing, whose hand
 Unerring from his Q U E E N ' s command,
 Far as the (3) seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
 To save th' imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy song shou'd end ; tho' all the Nine
 Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
 To sing that glorious day,
 When bold Bavaria fled the field,
 And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield,
 On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay ;
 And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But cou'd thy voice of Blenheim sing,
 And with success that song pursue ;
 What art cou'd aid thy wearied wing
 To keep the victor still in view ?
 For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
 Nor sets, but with impartial ray
 To all who want his light
 Alternately transfers the day :
 So in the glorious round of fame,
 Great M A R L B R ô, still the same,
 Incessant runs his course ;
 To climes remote, and near,
 His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
 And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muse,
 For O ! what notes, what numbers cou'dst thou chuse,
 Tho' in all numbers skill'd ;
 To sing the heroe's matchless deed,
 Which (4) Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed ;

To sing Ramilia's day ! to which must yield

(5) Cannae's illustrious fight, and fam'd (6) Pharsalia's field.

II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun,

Behold the work of many ages done !

What verse such worth can raise ?

Lustre and life, the poet's art

To middle virtue may impart ;

But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,

Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing muse aspire,

With transport still her strains prolong ;

But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,

And admiration stops her song.

Go on, great Chief, in ANNA'S cause proceed ;

Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,

'Till Europe thou hast freed,

And universal peace restor'd.

This mighty work when thou shalt end,

Equal rewards attend,

Of value far above

Thy trophies and thy spoils ;

Rewards even worthy of thy toils,

Thy QUEEN's just favour, and thy COUNTRY's love.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

I **O**RPHÉUS was said to be the son of the muse Caliope. The poetical fiction of the harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same day that he was born of Maia in Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, found a living tortoise, which he carried home with him to his cradle, and immediately compos'd a harp of the shell. A little after he stole the oxen of Apollo ; this caus'd some difference between the deities, but the matter being referr'd to Jupiter,

he order'd Mercury to return the oxen to the right owner; on this there follow'd not only a reconciliation but friendship, and Apollo expressing an extream pleasure at the invention of the harp, Mercury bestow'd it on him as a pledge of his future friendship. Of this Homer, in his 'Hymn to Mercury,' speaks at large. Afterwards Apollo inventing another instrument call'd the Cithara, gave the lyra to Orpheus. The muses, after the death of Orpheus, translated his harp into heaven, where it became a constellation, and is plac'd between the knee and left arm of Engonasis or Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, a miserable region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither tree nor herb, but perpetual frost and snow, and where, for one half of the year, it is continual night.

3 Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite epithet of 'Multifidi Istri.' But Ovid. Trist. 2. 'Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis Istri.' And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the same epithet, on the like occasion with this Ode, when in his Panegyrick to Majorianus Caesar, he tells him,

'Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore nostro

'Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri

'Agmen in arma rapis——'

The ancient geographers differ'd very much in their account of the rise of this river; so that on a double account the same epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.

4 Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the seven provinces, call'd 'Belgium Foederatum,' by the distinction made in the time of Phil. 2. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently call'd Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great consequences attending such a victory.

5 Cannae, as inconsiderable a village as Blenheim, 'till in like manner made memorable and illustrious by the great and intire victory which Hannibal obtain'd there over the Romans.

6 Pharsalia, famous for the overthrow of Pompey by Julius Caesar, a wonderful victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of Ramilies. For the design and end of the first was to enslave mankind, the manifest aim and event of the latter has been to set 'em at liberty.

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of GODOLPHIN,
LORD HIGH-TREASURER of
GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIQUE ODE.

——— *Quemvis media erue turba :*
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor———
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala praeceps
Fertur———
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils,
Ambition some excites ;
And some, desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites ;
Others, insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,

To pass the burning line, and bear
 Th' inclemency of winds, and seas and air;
 Pressing the doubtful voy'ge 'till INDIA's shore
 Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
 Can stop th' invader's force;
 Nor swelling seas, nor threatening skies,
 Prevent the pirate's course:
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
 Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
 No anxious thoughts of ill repute
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
 But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
 Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for these, his iv'ry lyre
 Will tuneful Phoebus string,
 Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir
 Th' immortal Epode sing.
 Thy springs, (1) Castalia, turn their streams aside
 From rapine, avarice, and pride;
 Nor do thy greens, shady (2) Aonia, grow,
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe
 Is thy supreme decree,
 (3) That impious men shall joyless hear
 The muses harmony!
 Their sacred songs, (the recompence
 Of virtue and of innocence)
 Which pious minds to rapture raise,
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous (4) Typhoeus, thus, new terrors fill,
He, who assail'd the skies,
And now, beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Aetna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
He bellows in th' abyss profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shoar;
While all his hundred mouths, at once expire
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all good proceeds;
To heav'nly minds belong
All pow'r and love, G O D O L P H I N, of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song!
And thus, most pleasing are the muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise;
Wherefore, for thee, her iv'ry lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether, affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And A N N A 's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;
Whether, thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on publick good intent;
Or, whether, leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd,

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
 As once she (5) Theron sung,
 While with the deathless worthy's fame
 Olympian (6) Pifa rung:
 Nor less sublime, is now, her choice,
 Nor less inspir'd by thee, her voice:
 And now, she loves aloft to sound
 The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd ;
 Vary'ing anon her theme, she takes delight [flight.
 The swift-heel'd (7) horse to praise, and sing his rapid

III.

And see! the (8) air-born racers start,
 Impatient of the rein;
 Faster they run, than flies the Scythian dart,
 Nor passing, print the plain!
 The winds themselves who with their swiftness vye,
 In vain their airy pinions ply;
 So far in matchless speed, thy courfers pass
 Th' aetherial authors of their race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-strain'd courfers breath;
 And now, my muse, prepare
 Of (9) olive leaves a twisted wreath
 To bind the victor's hair.
 (10) Pallas, in care of human kind,
 The fruitful olive first design'd;
 Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
 When all at once, the laden boughs advanc'd;
 The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
 And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
 In bounty to the world,
 To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;
 And his huge trident hurl'd
 Against the sounding beach ; the stroke
 Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
 The central earth, whence, swift as light
 Forth rush'd the first-born horse Stupendous sight !
 Neptune, for human good the beast ordains, [' reins.'
 Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to (11) ' hear the

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble strife !
 Worthy the heav'nly mind)
 Who most should do to soften anxious life,
 And most endear mankind.
 Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBORÔ strive,
 From whose joint toils we rest derive :
 Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
 Sweet peace at home thy care secures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 **C**ommonly Castalius, but by Virg. Georg. 3. call'd Castalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to the muses.

2 Aönia, the hilly and woody part of Bocotia, believ'd to have been much frequented by the muses.

3 ' That impious men shall joyless hear, &c.' This thought or opinion is borrow'd from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says—' But such men whom Jupiter hates are ' confounded with terror when they hear the sweet harmony of the muses.' This passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of Musick and Poetry. Mr. Cowley in his Notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's dispossessing Saul of the evil spirit, collects a great number of surprizing citations on this subject.

4 Typhoeus, one of the giants who attempted to storm Heav'n; but Jupiter struck him with thunder, and laid him under the island of Sicily, with Aetna on his breast. This Stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this monster is said to have an hundred heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

5 Theron, a prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympick.

6 Pifa, a town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympick games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar,—as singing sometimes the Hero, sometimes the Horse;

‘ —Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.’

8 Air-born. Alluding to the notion that mares have conceiv'd by the western wind, without the assistance of a horse: see Virg. Geor. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrow'd the birth of Raymond's horse. Gierusalem. Canto 7.

‘ Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora

‘ Raccoglie i semi del secondo vento,

‘ E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) &c.’

Virg. ————— ‘ illae

‘ Ore omnes versae in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,

‘ Exceptantque Leves auras: et saepe sine ullis

‘ Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.’

9 Olive leaves. An olive garland was the reward of victory in the Olympick Games.

10 Pallas, &c. The fable on which this digression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a contention who should give the name to Athens; and it was agreed, that which of 'em should confer the greatest benefit on mankind, should obtain the victory. The Gods were assembled in judgment, and Pallas struck the earth with her spear, whence up sprung the fruitful olive-tree; then Neptune in his turn darted his trident against the earth, which opening was deliver'd of a horse; but the victory was adjudg'd to Pallas.

11 ‘ To hear the reins——’ They who do not remember Virgil, may think this metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it even to the chariot rather than the horses, Georg. 1.

‘ Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.’

A N

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with some variation
(Not altogether a translation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whose muse would touch thee to the quick.
The subject is of that same kind,
To which thy heart seems most inclin'd:
How verse may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in suspense,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind,
To help a lover in distress,
Contriv'd a charm with such success;
That in short space the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:

The lover laid down his salvation,
And Satan stak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To serve his friend and shew his art,)
That madam shou'd by twelve a clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kifs and coo like any dove.
In short, the woman should be his,
That is, upon condition——viz.
That he, the lover, after tasting
What one wou'd wish were everlasting;
Should, in return for such enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
That's all, quoth Pug; my poor request
Is, only never to have rest;
You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
That I should have been serv'd, not you;
But what? upon my friend impose!
No——tho' a devil, none of those.
Your business then, pray understand me,
Is nothing more but to command me.
Of one thing only let me warn ye,
Which somewhat nearly may concern ye:
As soon as e'er one work is done,
Strait name a new one; and so on;
Let each to other quick succeed,
Or else——you know how 'tis agreed——
For if thro' any hums or haws,
There haps an interveening pause,
In which, for want of fresh commands,
Your slave obsequious, idle stands,
Nor soul nor body e'er more
Shall serve the nymph whom you adore:

But both be laid at Satan's feet,
To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the lover all approves:
For who can hesitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
Why, after all, I venture nought;
What mystery is in commanding?
Does that require much understanding?
Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
He'd go the better of the lay:
But he must do what I think fit——
Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.

Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The spell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses;
And riots in the blifs of blisses.
O joy, cry'd he, that hast no equal!
But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a filky slumber seiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Daemon, near,
Now buzz'd for business in his ear;
In haste, he names a thousand things:
The goblin plys his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to ask
Another, and another task.
Now, palaces are built and tow'rs,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then, storms are in an instant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.

Now show'rs of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd :
And he, in one astonish'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
These things, and stranger things than these,
Were done with equal speed and ease.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send :
And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
And soon return'd with such a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the squire (who had some hope
In holy water and the Pope,)
Was out of heart, and at a stand
What next to wish, and what command ;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black despair succeeds brown study.
In this distress the woful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counsel, for whose sake
Both soul and body were at stake.
And is this all? replies the fair :
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next your Daemon shall appear,
Pray give him——look, what I hold here,
And bid him labour, soon or late,
To lay these ringlets lank and strait.
Then, something scarcely to be seen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
Your goblin's skill shall now be try'd.
She said; and gave——what shall I call
That thing so shining, crisp and small,
Which round his finger strove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?

O sprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flow'r of fairy land:
Less precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages see
The spur and prize of chivalry,
Whose curls of kindred texture, grace
Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He issues thus, his strict command.
This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
Render direct, and perpendicular;
But so direct, that in no fort
It ever may in rings retort.
See me no more 'till this be done:
Hence, to thy task——avaunt, be gone.

Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:
Anvils and presses he employs,
And dins whole hell with hamm'ring noise.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elastick fibre mocks his pains,
And its first spiral form retains.
New stratagems the sprite contrives,
And down the depths of sea he dives:
This sprunt its pertness sure will lose
When laid (said he) to soak in ooze.
Poor foolish fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives,

Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vig'rous curls reverts.
So, when to earth, Alcides flung
The huge Anteus, whence he sprung,
From ev'ry fall fresh strength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what sleight to practise next;
The more he trys, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails,
But all concur his shame to show,
And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholick mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phenomenon.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound :
No end he sees of his surprize,
Nor what it should be can devise :
For never yet was wool or feather,
That could stand buff against all weather ;
And unrelax'd like this, resist
Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What spinster witch could spin such thread,
He nothing knew ; but to his cost
Knew all his fame and labour lost.
Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er ;
'Tis said, he blush'd ; 'tis sure, he swore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that S U P E R B M U S T A C H E.
Defeated thus, thus discontent
Back to the man the Daemon went :

I grant, quoth he, our contract null,
 And give you a discharge in full.
 But tell me now, in name of wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under,)
 What is this thing? where could it grow?
 Pray take it—'tis in 'Statu quo.'
 Much good may't do you; for my part,
 I wash my hands of't from my heart.

In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,
 Replies the lad, you're too soon weary.
 What, leave this trifling task undone!
 And think'st thou this the only one?
 Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'dst find
 Millions of more such still behind,
 Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
 Both you and all your whole fraternity.

The *Peasant* in Search of his *Heifer*.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befell: a silly swain
 Had sought his Heifer long in vain;
 For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
 And left the lawn, to seek the shade.
 Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
 Then, to the wood, in haste he hies;
 Where, singling out the fairest tree,
 He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.
 Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
 A jolly lad and buxom lass:

The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present:
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight,
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, What!
What see I, Gods! what see I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Strait stopt him short in mid career:
And louder cry'd, Ho: honest friend,
That of thy seeing seest no end;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.

H O M E R ' S

H Y M N to V E N U S:

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To the READER of the ensuing HYMN.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which without a commentary could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determin'd me to acquiesce in the translation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertain'd thoughts of turning 'em all three into English Verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure; I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some grammarians, who have deny'd or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itself, cannot really lose any thing of its value, tho' it should appear, upon a strict enquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this ensuing Poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend 'em, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an injustice to him to ascribe 'em to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive 'em of the authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their way thro' bad judgments, purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the enquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The most suspected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the beginning of it, the beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been suppos'd to have been written by one Cynaethus of Chios, who was a famous * repeater of Homer's Verses. To obviate

<p>* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a pro-</p>	<p>fession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descen-</p>
--	--

which supposition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third book of his History, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score Verses, Thucydides observes that in those Verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence, 'tis beyond question Thucydides believ'd or rather was assur'd it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assur'd of it, for he liv'd within * four hundred years of Homer, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power and wisdom as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of † Strabo, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites as authority against him part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was: in one of the Verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself

dants or successors (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer in after-times were collected and put in order. These were call'd Homeristae, or Homeridae: of whom see Aelian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenaeus, L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo

L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Coelius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.

* Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. L. 1. pag. 30.

the ‡ ‘blind man of rocky Chios.’ Casaubon’s note is as follows: ‘in Hymno Apollinis quem
 ‘ego cur debeamus ἀρετῇν contra auctoritatem Thu-
 ‘cydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in
 ‘eo inquam Hymno, haec de se Homerus,’ &c.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the example of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the determination of each impartial reader.

‡ The original says— • The blind man who lives ‘in rocky or sandy Chios: ‘and whose poems shall be ‘in the highest esteem to all	‘posterity:’ which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.
--	---

H O M E R ' S

H Y M N to V E N U S.

SING, muse, the force, and all-informing fire
 Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire :
 Her charms, the immortal minds of Gods can move,
 And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
 The wilder herds and ravenous beasts of prey
 Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
 Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
 She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
 Whole nature on her sole support depends,
 And far as life exists, her care extends.

Of all the num'rous host of Gods above,
 But three are found inflexible to love.
 Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
 A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
 In shining arms the martial maid delights,
 O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
 With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
 And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
 Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
 Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful shield;
 She first taught modest maids in early bloom
 To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next, the Paphian queen defies,
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:

She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful horn,
 Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
 To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear, [deer.
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the wood-land
 Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
 And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads ;
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
 And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love
 Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phoebus woo'd;
 And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd ;
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
 A virgin life inviolate to lead ;
 She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head.
 But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd.
 High on the throne she sits amidst the skies,
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice :
 For holy rites to Vesta first are pay'd,
 And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid ;
 So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom love and Cytherea's art displease :
 Of other beings, none in earth or skies
 Her force resists, or influence denies.
 With ease, her charms the thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with love th' almighty mind :
 Ev'n he, whose dread commands the Gods obey,
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway ;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
 He oft descends, his creatures to adore ;

While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
 Some well-dissembled shape the God belies.
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
 And beauty, first among th' aetherial race;
 Whom, all-transcending in superior worth,
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love,
 And not insultingly the Gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
 Thus, Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed:
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen.
 To Cyprus strait the wounded Goddess flies,
 Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
 Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
 Where entring quick, the shining gates she barr'd.
 The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
 And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds.
 Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold,

And thus attir'd, her chariot she ascends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat:
And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves and bears their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For, ev'ry glance she gives, soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Mean time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-swains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and fought the plains:
In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress, a huntress of the wood;
For had he seen the Goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpriz'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
As if with radiant flame she were array'd;
Her hair in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain.
At length he spake—All hail, celestial fair!
Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
Who-e'er thou art, deſcended from above,
Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of love,
All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid;
Or art thou * Themis? or the † blue-ey'd maid?
Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
Who with the Gods ſhare immortality?
Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
Who-e'er thou art, in ſome conſpicious field,
I, to thy honour, will an altar build,
Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove
A patriot worthy of my country's love.
Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg, I next may be
Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
Happy in health, long let me ſee the fun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.

He ſaid.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply:
Delight of human-kind, thy ſexes pride!
Honour'd Anchifes, you behold in me
No Goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
And all her towns and fortrefſes commands.

* Themis, the Goddeſs of Equity and Right
† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught,
Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
As, late, our sports we practis'd on the plain,
I, and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
Lo! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the God
Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod:
Sudden he seiz'd, then, bore me from their sight,
Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts waste;
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
We stopt not once the face of earth to touch.
Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
This said, and pointing to me your abode,
To heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd God.
Thus, of necessity, to you I come,
Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good parents, (for no bad, could e'er
Produce a son so graceful, good and fair;) }
That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;

Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,
Let me be to your house and mother led.
Me to your father and your brothers show,
And our alliance first let them allow :
Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
And no unequal match I may be found.
Equality to them my birth may claim,
Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
Tho' for your wife, of too inferior fame.
Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
To tell my father of my fortunes pass'd,
And ease my mother in that anxious state,
Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
They in return shall presents bring from thence
Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense :
You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
In price and beauty far above the rest.
This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
Grateful to men below, and Gods above.
She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
Which to his heart insinuate desires.
Resistless love invading thus his breast,
The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.

Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
And Otreus you report your father's name ;
And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
To execute the dread commands of Jove,
Your wond'rous beauties hither has convey'd,
A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead :
Know, now, that neither Gods nor men have pow'r
One minute to defer the happy hour,
This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :

Tho' Phoebus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
 Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
 Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence attend,
 Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand;
 The Goddesses smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand:
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
 Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
 And over all, a counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
 Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;
 And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
 And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace, first, he laid aside;
 Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:
 And now, his busie hand her zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant robe around her waste;
 Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,
 Whose rose hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The queen of love the youth thus disarray'd,
 And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
 Anchises now (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
 The sweet extream of ecstasy attain'd;
 And mortal he, was like th' immortals blest'd,
 Not conscious of the Goddesses he possess'd.

But, when the swains their flocks and herds had fed,
 And from the flow'ry field returning, led
 Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed;
 In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
 The wary Goddesses her Anchises bound:
 Then gently rising from his side and bed,
 In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself appears :
Her face refulgent, and majestick mien,
Confess'd the Goddess, love's and beauty's queen.

Then, thus, aloud she calls. Anchises, wake;
Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake :
Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well — say, if I seem the same.

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed, Anchises woke :
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words, he thus the queen address'd.

When first, O Goddess, I thy form beheld,
Whose charms so far humanity excell'd ;
To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
And with humility implor'd thy aid :
But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
But now, I beg thee by the filial love
Due to thy father, Aegis-bearing Jove,
Compassion on my human state to show ;
Nor let me lead a life infirm below :
Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
Nor let me share of men the common fate :
Since never man with length of days was blest,
Who in delights of love a deity possess'd.

To him, Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd ;
Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide ;
Nor me, nor other God, thou needst to fear,
For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.

Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,
 Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
 From whom, a race of monarchs shall descend,
 And whose posterity shall know no end.

To him thou shalt the name * Aeneas give,
 As one, for whose conception I must grieve,
 Oft as I think, he to exist began
 From my conjunction with a mortal man.

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 To a superior race of men gives birth;
 Producing heroes of th' aetherial kind,
 And next resembling Gods in form and mind.

From thence, great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
 To live with Gods, the lovely Ganymede.
 Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
 The youth enjoys a blest'd eternity.
 In bowls of gold, he ruddy nectar pours,
 And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
 Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
 Doubtful, by whom, or where the boy was born:
 'Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
 Dispatch'd † Argicides to his relief;
 And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
 He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
 Whose feet outstript in speed the rapid wind.

* 'Aeneas, signifying one
 'who causeth grief:' By
 this passage, it should seem
 as if the Etymologists had
 err'd, who, as he was the
 hero of Virgil's Epick Poem,
 have deriv'd his name from
 αἰνέω, 'to extol, or praise;'

it appearing here expressly
 to be deriv'd from αἰνία
 'grief:' or αἰνῶ 'to affect
 'with grief.'

† The slayer of Argus.
 Mercury so called, from
 having slain Argus.

Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
 The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state;
 Where, all his hours are past in circling joy,
 Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.
 Now, when this embassie the king receives,
 No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
 The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
 And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
 Tithonus partner of her rosie bed,
 (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
 Resembling Gods in face and form divine)
 For him she strait the Thunderer address'd,
 That with perpetual life he might be blest'd:
 Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
 But ah! how rash was she, how indiscreet!
 The most material blessing to omit;
 Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
 That length of days might be with strength supply'd;
 And to her lover's endless life, engage
 An endless youth, incapable of age.
 But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair.
 In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air,
 Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
 Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;
 Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.

But, when he saw grey hairs begin to spread,
 Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 The Goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
 Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 And food ambrosial, and rich cloaths bestow'd:

But when of age he felt the sad extream,
And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
Lock'd in a room her uselefs spouse she left,
Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.*
On terms like these, I never can desire
Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.

Couldst thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endless love;
Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
Inexorable age! whose wretched state
All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my portion share,
And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
For I, who heretofore in chains of love
Could captivate the minds of Gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-subduing charms:
To sigh and languish in a woman's arms,
Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
Nor tax with weakness the celestial host;
Since I myself, this dear amends have made,
And am at last by my own arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
'Till time his being and my shame reveal.

* Tithonus was feign'd, at length, to have been turn'd
into a grasshopper.

Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn
 In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born:
 They nor of mortal nor immortal feed
 Are said to spring, yet on Ambrosia feed,
 And * long they live; and oft in chorus join
 With Gods and Goddesses in dance divine.

* Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades; the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-liv'd. Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the compleat life of a man at 96 years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as the raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as a phoenix. But the most receiv'd opinion was, that they liv'd just as long as their trees. Therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently call'd Dryades and Hamadryades, by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at

any time preserved their trees. The scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2. relates the following story cited from Charon Lampfacenus. A young man call'd Raecus observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, order'd it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of the tree appear'd to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleas'd. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promis'd; and according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy: but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him: this reception of her ambassador so enraged the nymph, that in revenge she render'd him impotent. This story is also

These the * Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
 And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
 Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 From common parent earth's prolifick juice:
 With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 Or ample spreading oaks at once they grow;
 All have their trees allotted to their care,
 Whose growth, duration and decrease they share.
 But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 And therefore by the axe are never fell'd.
 But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
 The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
 And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 And live and die coeval with their trees.

These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son:
 And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 I will again to visit thee descend,
 Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight;
 Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
 There, if enquiry shall be made, to know
 To whom thou dost so bright an off-spring owe;

cited in part by Nat. Com.
 See Ovid. Metam. l. 8. of
 the fate of Erichthon, for
 cutting down one of these
 animated trees.

* The Satyrs, when they
 were in years, were called
 Sileni, as Pausanias reports
 in Attic. p. 41.

Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detest,
But ready answer make as I direct.
Say of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
And Calycopis call his mother's name.
For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
That thou in blifs hadst Cytherea known,
Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of Heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee first I praise;
Then, to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

TABLE of the POEMS.

E PISTLE to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, &c.	p. 3
The Mourning Muse of Alexis, a Pastoral, lamenting the Death of Queen Mary.	5
To the King, on the taking of Namure.	12
The Birth of the Muse. To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax.	13
On Mrs. Arabella Hunt singing.	26
Priam's Lamentation and Petition to Achilles for the Body of his Son Hector.	29
The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache and Helen over the dead Body of Hector.	33
Paraphrase upon Horace, Ode 19. Lib. 1.	39
Stanzas in Imitation of Horace, Lib. 2. Ode 14.	40
In Imitation of Horace, Ode 9. Lib. 1.	42
A Song.	45
The Reconciliation.	ib.
Absence.	47
A Song.	ib.
Song in Dialogue for two Women.	ib.
A Song.	48
The Petition.	49
Song.	ib.
Song.	ib.
Occasion'd on a Lady's having writ Verses in Commendation of a Poem which was written in Praise of another Lady.	50
An Epigram written after the Death of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.	ib.
Song.	51
A Hymn to Harmony, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day, 1701.	ib.
Verses to the Memory of Grace Lady Gethin, occasioned by reading her Book intitled 'Reliquiae Gethinianae.'	56

TABLE of the POEMS.

Epitaph on Robert Huntington of Stanton Harcourt, Esq; and Robert his Son.	p. 58
To Mr. Dryden on his Translation of Persius.	ib.
The Eleventh Satire of Juvenal.	60
Prologue to Queen Mary, upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Batchelor, after having seen the Double-Dealer.	76
Epilogue at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, with an Italian Pastoral.	77
Prologue to Pyrrhus King of Epirus.	79
Epilogue to Oroonoko.	80
Prologue to the Husband his own Cuckold.	81
Prologue to the Court, on the Queen's Birth-day, 1704.	83
The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas. A Pastoral, lamenting the Death of the late Lord Marquis of Blanford.	85
To Cynthia, weeping and not speaking.	91
Amoret.	93
Lesbia.	94
Doris.	ib.
To Sleep. Elegy.	97
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, occasion'd by L—y—s Picture.	99
To a Candle. Elegy.	101
Ovid's Third Book of the Art of Love.	102
Of Pleasing, an Epistle to Sir Richard Temple.	135
A Pindarique Ode, humbly offer'd to the Queen, on the victorious Progress of her Majesty's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of Marlborough. To which is prefix'd a Discourse on the Pindarique Ode.	141
To the Right Honourable the Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. Pindarique Ode.	157
An impossible Thing. A Tale.	163
The Peasant in Search of his Heifer. A Tale, after M. De la Fontaine.	169
Homer's Hymn to Venus: Translated into English Verse.	171

THE END.

+



This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

JAN 8 - 1952

133

NOV
URL

NOV 12 1975



3 1158 00488 9811

Handwritten signature or initials



B 000 000 046 3

